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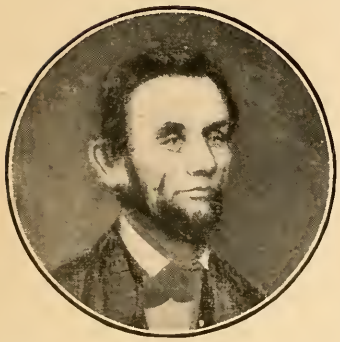
Memorial Day



LINCOLN

Illinois

DOUGLAS

1916

GRANT

Illinois Public Schools

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Regards of

MEMORIAL DAY

May Thirtieth

1916

CIRCULAR

COMPILED BY
H. T. SWIFT
Department of Publicity

UNDER DIRECTION OF
FRANCIS G. BLAIR
Superintendent of Public Instruction

[Printed by authority of the State of Illinois.]

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STATE CAPITOL.

ILLINOIS CENTENNIAL.

To Teachers and Pupils:

In 1918 Illinois will celebrate the hundredth anniversary of its statehood. Every teacher and pupil in the schools of the State should have a part in that celebration. Scholars and artists will use their learning and powers to recreate the great events of our history. Brush and canvas, chisel and stone will reembody for us some of the men who wrought mightily to lay the foundations of this commonwealth. Volumes will be written to revive the life and spirit of the pioneers. Orators will breathe into the nostrils of a dead past the breath of a new life. In great pageants and plays we shall see the glorious history of Illinois pass before us.

All of which will be very right and proper as an expression of our honor and respect for a State with such traditions and such achievements. But no scholar, no artist, no orator can make such worthwhile and abiding contributions to this celebration as the teacher. It is hers to write these precious records in thoughts of boys and girls. Only her brush can touch the canvas of the child's imagination until it is radiant with the dreams and visions of the past. Out of the quarries of their hearts and minds she must dig and carve the imperishable forms of the heroic men and measures of bygone days. Into the throbbing, growing ideals of their lives she alone can breathe the spirit of the past, the present and the future. Whether in the crowded buildings of our great cities or in the little one-room school in the open country, the teacher will erect the most fitting and most abiding memorials to the greatness and worth of our past history.

To assist teachers in this great work the Memorial Day Annual will, for three issues, carry matter and suggestions relating to the Centennial Celebration. This issue is given over to three great Illinoisans, Lincoln, Douglas and Grant.

F. G. Blair

Superintendent.

PREPARATION FOR THE CENTENNIAL.

The General Assembly has created two commissions, whose work is to prepare for the celebration of the hundredth anniversary of the birth of the commonwealth.

The first of these commissions, called the Centennial Building Commissions, consists of—

Governor Edward F. Dunne, (ex officio).
Secretary of State Lewis G. Stevenson, (ex officio).
Superintendent of Public Instruction, Francis G. Blair, (ex officio).
President State Historical Society, Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, (ex officio).
President Historical Library Board, Dr. E. B. Greene, (ex officio).
Hon. Arthur M. Fitzgerald, Springfield }
Hon. George Pasfield, Jr., Springfield } appointed by the Governor.
Organization of the Commission:
Lewis G. Stevenson, *President.*
Arthur M. Fitzgerald, *Secretary.*

The object of this commission is to acquire land and erect a building thereon which shall be occupied in time by the office of the Superintendent of Public Instruction, the State Historical Library, the State Historical Society, the State Library, Memorial Hall, the State Archives, and other related matters.

It is not the intention that the entire building shall be erected at once. The Legislature has appropriated $125,000 which added to $100,000 raised by the citizens of Springfield and to the amount realized on the sale of houses on the purchased land, will enable the commission to purchase the land and to erect a portion of this educational building, which will be dedicated in 1918 as the Centennial building.

The act creating this commission designates the tract of ground which shall be purchased and gives the commission power to condemn. The tract described lies between South Second and Spring Streets and between Charles and Edwards Streets. On this tract of land is the old Edwards home in which Abraham Lincoln and Mary Todd were married.

The second commission created by the Legislature is the Illinois Centennial Commission. Its duties are:

1st. To arrange for and conduct a celebration in honor of the Centennial of the admission of the State of Illinois to the Federal Union.

2d. To compile and publish a commemorative history of the State.

3d. To report to the fiftieth General Assembly the arrangement for such celebration.

This committee as appointed by the Governor and organized is as follows:
Dr. Otto L. Schmidt, Chairman, 38 South Dearborn Street, Chicago.
Mrs. Jessie Palmer Weber, Secretary, Statehouse, Springfield.
Hon. Hugh S. Magill, Jr., Leland Office Building, Springfield.
Prof. E. B. Greene, 315 Lincoln Hall, Urbana.
Judge Thomas F. Scully, County Building, Chicago.
Hon. John E. Traeger, County Building, Chicago.
Rev. Frederick Siedenburg, 617 Ashland Block, Chicago.
Hon. Oscar W. Eckland, 6410 Kenwood Avenue, Chicago.
Hon. Nicholas S. Duncan, LaSalle.
Hon. M. J. Daugherty, Galesburg.
Hon. John Schultz, Beardstown.
Hon. Peter A. Waller, Kewanee.
Rev. Royal W. Ennis, Hillsboro.
Dr. Edward Bowe, Jacksonville.
Dr. Charles H. Starkel, Belleville.

Further, the Legislature has authorized the State Art Commission to erect on the Capitol grounds of Springfield, statues of Abraham Lincoln and Stephen A. Douglas as one of the great features of the Centennial Celebration. The Art Commission has secured the services of two eminent sculptors and the work is going forward.

Every effort will be made by the various commissions to create a State wide interest in this centennial anniversary. Much of the permanent good which comes out of such a celebration must come through the work of our schools and educational institutions.

THE PRAIRIE STATE.

The prairies of the silent past
Have risen in their might,
And human hearts by millions here
Have met the world's delight!
In all the joy and moan of time
Our crested shield shall be,
The eagle's poised and burnished wings
And flag of liberty!

Refrain.

Awake, and sing the land we love,
And life's bright dream of joy,
The Prairie State of kindly fate,
Our dear old Illinois!

The native violet, still blooms
In glory of the spring,
Mid haunts where waking prairie larks
In notes of transport sing!
On happy breasts may it be worn,
And cheer each heart forlorn—
Blue violet of Illinois
In dew and beauty born!

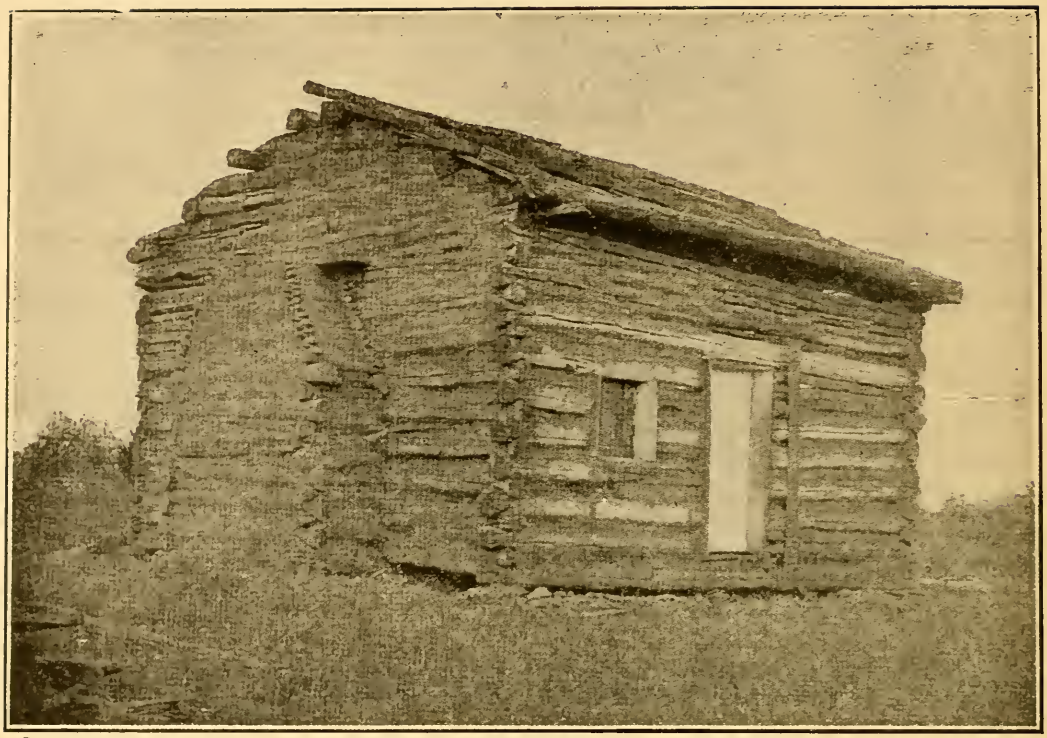
Great Lincoln wrought for humankind
In early Illinois,
And reared a throne for humble worth
That time can not destroy;
Age after age his Springfield home
Shall myriads revere,
And pilgrims bow uncovered heads
To dust that resteth here!

The noble lives that here went down
Have left an afterglow,
And promise of to-morrow fair
The Prairie State shall know;
With flowers of gratitude we'll deck
Each lone or shafted mound,
That watches toward thy eastern sky
With flush of morning crowned!

Long as Chicago towers in strength
And Michigan doth roar,
And Father of the Waters moves
Along thy glorious shore,
For thee, for thee eternally
Is love naught can destroy,
And true hearts be thy bulwarks strong,
Oh, dear old Illinois!

—John F. Howard, Silver Lake Assembly, New York.

(Copyright 1916 by John F. Howard.)



BIRTHPLACE OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

LINCOLN'S LIFE AS WRITTEN BY HIMSELF.

The compiler of the "Dictionary of Congress" states that while preparing that work for publication in 1858, he sent to Mr. Lincoln the usual request for a sketch of his life, and received the following reply:

"Born February 12, 1809, in Hardin County, Kentucky.

"Education defective. Profession a lawyer. Have been a captain of volunteers in Black Hawk War. Postmaster at a very small office. Four times a member of the Illinois Legislature, and was a member of the lower House of Congress.

"Yours, etc.,

"A. LINCOLN."

LINCOLN'S AUTOBIOGRAPHY.

I was born Feb. 12. 1809. in Hardin County, Kentucky. My parents were both born in Virginia, of undistinguished families—second families, perhaps I should say. My mother, who died in my tenth year, was of a family of the name of Hanks, some of whom now reside in Adams, and other in Macon counties, Illinois— My paternal grandfather, Abraham Lincoln, emigrated from Rockingham County, Virginia, to Kentucky, about 1781 or 2, where, a year or two later, he was killed by indians, not in battle, but by stealth, when he was laboring to open a farm in the forest— His ancestor, who were quakers, went to Virginia from Berks County, Pennsylvania— An effort to identify them with the New-England family of the same name ended in nothing more definite, than a similarity of christian names in both families, such as Enoch, Levi, Mordecai, Solomon, Abraham, and the like—

My father, at the death of his father, was but six years of age; and he grew up, literally without education. He removed from Kentucky to what is now Spencer County, Indiana, in my eighth year— We reached our new home about the time the State came into the Union— It was a wild region, with many bears and other wild animals, still in the woods— There I grew up. There were some schools, so called, but no qualification was ever required of a teacher beyond "Readin, writin, and cipherin" to the Rule of Three— If a stripling, happened to be known to understand latin, he was looked upon as being fit to go to college and study law. He read

the neighborhood, he was looked upon as a wizzard— There was absolutely nothing to excite ambition for education. Of course when I came of age I did not know much— Still somehow, I could read, write, and cipher to the Rule of Three, but that was all— I have not been to school since— the little advance I now have upon this point of education, I have picked up from time to time under the pressure of necessity—

I was raised to farm work, which I continued till I was twenty-two— At twenty-one I came to Illinois, and passed the first year in Illinois. Macon County— Then I got to New Salem (then at that time in Sangamon, now in Menard County, where I remained a year as a sort of clerk in a store— Then came the Black Hawk war, and I was elected a Captain of Volunteers— a success which gave me more pleasure than any I have had since— I went the campaign, was elected, ran for the Legislature the same year (1832), and was beaten— the only time I ever have been beaten by the people— The next, and three succeeding biennial elections, I was elected to the Legislature— I was not a candidate afterwards. During this Legislative period I had studied law, and removed to Springfield to make practice it— In 1846 I was once elected to the lower House of Congress— Was not a candidate for re-election— From 1849 to 1854, both

inclosure, practical law more assuredly than ever before— Always a whig in politics, and generally on the whig electoral ticket, making active canvasses— I was losing interest in politics, when the repeal of the Missouri Compromise aroused me again— What I have done since then is pretty well known—

If any personal description of me is thought ~~desirable~~ desirable, it may be said, I am, in height, six feet, four inches, nearly; lean in flesh, weighing, on average, one hundred and eighty pounds; dark complexion, with coarse black hair, and grey eyes— no other marks or bones recollected—

Hon J. W. Fell.

Yours very truly
A. Lincoln

Washington, D.C. March 20. 1859

We the undersigned hereby certify that the foregoing statement is in the handwriting of Abraham Lincoln.

David Davis
Lyman Trumbull
Charles Sumner

THE HUMBLE BIRTH.

[By DENNIS HANKS in the Wanamaker Primer.]

NOTE—Dennie Hanks was a cousin of Nancy Hanks. He lived near the Lincolns in Kentucky and followed them to Indiana and then over into Illinois. He spent his last days in the city of Charleston, Illinois. The language in which he describes his experience is the language of the backwoods of Kentucky. Such men, with bright and vigorous minds may seem ignorant to us because of their true language. The fact that Abraham Lincoln springing from the same stock came to write the pure strong English of the Gettysburg speech furnishes a striking and interesting contrast.

"Tom an' Nancy (Lincoln's father and mother) lived on a farm about two miles from us when Abe was born. I ricollect Tom comin' over to our house one cold mornin' in Feb'uary an' sayin' kind o' slow:

"'Nancy's got a baby boy.'

"Mother got flustered, an' hurried up her work to go over to look after the little feller, but I didn't have nothin' to wait fur, so I cut an' run the hull two mile to see my new cousin.

"You bet I was tickled to death! Babies wasn't as common as blackberries in the woods of Kaintucky. Mother come over an' washed him an' put a yaller flannen petticoat on him, an' cooked some dried berries with wild honey fur Nancy, an' slicked things up an' went home. An' that's all the nuss'n either of 'em got.

"Folks often ask me if Abe was a good-lookin' baby. Well, now, he looked just like any other baby at fust—like red cherry pulp squeezed dry. An' he didn't improve any as he growed older. Abe never was much fur looks. I ricollect how Tom used to joke about Abe's long legs when he was toddlin' 'round the cabin. He growed out o' his clo'es faster'n Nancy could make 'em."

* * * * * * *

"Abe never gave Nancy no trouble after he could walk, excep' to keep him in clothes. Most o' the time we went bar'foot. Ever wear a wet buckskin glove? Them moccasins wasn't no protection ag'inst the wet; birch bark with hickory bark soles, strapped on over yarn socks, beat buckskin all holler, fur snow. Abe n' me got purty handy contrivin' things that way. An' Abe was right out in the woods, about as soon's he was weaned, fishin' in the crik, settin' traps fur rabbits an' muskrats, goin' on coon-hunts with Tom an' me an' the dogs, follerin' up bees to find bee trees, an' drappin' corn fur his pappy. Mighty interestin' life fur a boy, but thar was a good many chances he wouldn't live to grow up."

* * * * * * *

[Article by DENNIS HANKS in *The American Magazine*.]

"I reckon it was thinkin' o' Nancy," says Dennis Hanks, "an' things she'd said to him that started Abe to studyin' that next winter. He could read an' write, Nancy an' me'd l'arnt him that much an' he'd gone to school a spell, but it was nine mile there an' back, an' a pore make-out fur a school anyhow. Tom said it was a waste o' time, an' I reckon he was right. But Nancy kep' urgin' Abe. 'Abe,' she'd say, 'you l'arn all you kin, an' be some account,' an' she'd tell him stories about George Washington, an' say that Abe had jist as good Virginny blood in him as Washington. Maybe she stretched things some, but it done Abe good.

"Well, me'n Abe spelled through Webster's spellin' book twict before he got tired. Then he tuk to writin' on the puncheon floor, the fence rails an' the wooden fire-shovel, with a bit o' charcoal. We got some wrappin' paper over to Gentryville, an' I made ink out o' blackberry-briar root an' copperas. It et the paper into holes. Got so I could cut good pens out o' turkey buzzard quills. It pestered Tom a heap to have Abe writin' all over everything, but Abe was jist wrapped up in it.

" 'Denny,' he sez to me many a time, 'look at that, will you? "Abraham Lincoln." That stands fur me. Don't look a blamed bit like me.' An' he'd stand an' study it a spell. 'Peared to mean a heap to Abe. When Tom got mad at his markin' the house up, Abe tuk to markin' trees Tom wanted to cut down, with his name, an' writin' it in the sand at the deer lick.

"I reckon Abe'd a' got discouraged about l'arnin' after awhile if it hadn't be'n fur his stepmother. We was all nigh about tickled to death when Tom brung a new wife home. She'd be'n Sairy Bush, an' Tom'd be'n in love with 'er before he met up with Nancy, but her folks wouldn't let Tom have 'er, because he was shif'less. So she married a man named Johnston an' he died. Then her an' Tom got married. She had three children of 'er own an' a four hoss wagon load o' goods; feather pillers an' homespun blankets, an' patchwork quilts an' a chist o' drawers, an' a flax wheel, an' a soap kettle, an' cookin' pots an' pewter dishes.

"Yes, Aunt Sairy was a woman o' propputy an' could 'a' done better, I reckon, but Tom had a kind o' way with the women, an' maybe it was somethin' she tuk comfort in to have a man that didn't drink an' cuss none. She made a heap more o' Tom, too, than poor Nancy did. Before winter he'd put in a new floor, he'd whipsawed an' planed it off so she could scour it; made some good beds an' cheers, an' tinkered at the roof so it couldn't snow in on us boys that slep' in the loft. Purty soon we had the best house in the kentry. Thar was eight of us then to do fur, but Aunt Sairy had faculty an' didn't 'pear to be hurried or worried none.

"She wasn't thar very long before she found out how Abe hankered after books. She heard him talkin' to me, I reckon. 'Denny,' he'd say, 'the things I want to know is in books. My best frien's the man who'll git me one.'

"Well, books wasn't as plenty as wild cats, but I got him one by cuttin' cordwood. Abe'd lay on his stummick by the fire an' read out loud to me an' Aunt Sairy, an' we'd laugh when he did, though I reckon it went in at one ear an' out at the other with 'er, as it did with me. Tom'd come in an' say: 'See here, Abe, your mother kain't work with you a-botherin' her like that,' but Aunt Sairy always said it didn't bother her none, an' she'd tell Abe to go on. I reckon that encouraged Abe a heap.

" 'Abe,' sez I, many a time, 'them yarns is all lies.'

" 'Mighty darned good lies,' he'd say, an' go on readin' an' chucklin' to hisself, till Tom'd kiver up the fire fur the night an' shoo him off to bed.

MURAL PAINTING IN CAPITOL BUILDING SHOWING LINCOLN ON FLATBOAT ON SANGAMON RIVER NEAR NEW SALEM.

"This picture is crude and inaccurate. The flatboat built by Lincoln, and by him piloted to New Orleans, was larger than the one here portrayed, and the structure over the dam belittles the real mill. There was not only a gristmill, but also a sawmill. The mill was built in 1829. March 5, 1830, we find John Overstreet averring before the county commissioners 'that John Cameron and James Rutledge have erected a milldam on the Sangamon River which obstructs the navigation of said river;' and Cameron and Rutledge are ordered to alter the dam so as to restore 'safe navigation.' James M. Rutledge of Petersburg, a nephew of the mill owner, helped build the mill, and says: 'The mill was a frame structure, and was solidly built. They used to grind corn mostly, though some flour was made. At times they would run day and night. The sawmill had an old-fashioned upright saw, and stood on the bank.' For a time this mill was operated by Denton Offutt, under the supervision of Lincoln. A few stakes, a part of the old dam, still show at low water."

—From "The Early Life of Lincoln," *by Ida M. Tarbell, assisted by J. McCan Davis.*

MURAL PAINTING IN CAPITOL BUILDING SHOWING STREET IN NEW SALEM.

"New Salem was founded by James Rutledge and John Cameron in 1829. In that year they built a dam across the Sangamon River, and erected a mill. Under date of October 23, 1829, Reuben Harrison, surveyor, certifies that 'at the request of John Cameron, one of the proprietors, I did survey the town of New Salem.' The town within two years contained a dozen or fifteen houses, nearly all of them built of logs. New Salem's population probably never exceeded a hundred persons. Its inhabitants, and those of the surrounding country, were mostly Southerners—natives of Kentucky and Tennessee—though there was an occasional Yankee among them. Soon after Lincoln left the place, in the spring of 1837, it began to decline. Petersburg had sprung up two miles down the river, and rapidly absorbed its population and business. By 1840 New Salem was almost deserted. The Rutledge tavern, the first house erected, was the last to succumb. It stood for many years, but at last crumbled away. Salem hill is now only a green cow pasture."

—From "The Early Life of Lincoln," *by Ida M. Tarbell, assisted by J. McCan Davis.*

"I reckon Abe read that book (Arabian Nights) a dozen times an' knowed all the yarns by heart. He didn't have nothin much else to read, excep' Aunt Sairy's Bible. He cut four cords o' wood onct to git one stingy little slice of a book. It was a life o' Washington; an he'd lay over the statoots (Statutes) o' Indiany half the night.

"We'd get hold o' a newspaper onct in a while, an' Abe l'arned Henry Clay's speeches by heart. He liked the stories in the Bible, too, an' he got a little book of fables some'ers. I reckon it was them stories he read that give him so many yarns to tell. I asked him onct after he'd gone to lawin' an' could make a jury laugh or cry by firin' a yarn at 'em.

" 'Abe,' sez I, 'whar did you git so blamed many lies?' An' he'd always say, 'Denny, when a story l'arns you a good lesson, it ain't no lie. God tells truth in parables. They're easier fur common folks to understand an' ricollect.' His stories was like that.

"Seems to me now I never seen Abe after he was twelve 'at he didn't have a book in his hand or in his pocket. He'd put a book inside his shirt an' fill his pants pockets with corn dodgers an' go off to plow or hoe. When noon come he'd set under a tree an' read an' eat. An' when he come to the house at night, he'd tilt a cheer back by the chimbley, put his feet on the rung, an' set on his back-bone an' read. Aunt Sairy always put a candle on the mantel-tree piece fur him, if she had one. An' as like as not Abe'd eat his supper thar, takin' anything she'd give him that he could gnaw at an' read at the same time. I've seen many a feller come in an' look at him, Abe not knowin' anybody was 'round, an' sneak out again like a cat, an' say: 'Well, I'll be darned.' It didn't seem natural nohow, to see a feller read like that. Aunt Sairy'd never let the children pester him. She always declared Abe was goin' to be a great man some day, an' she wasn't goin' to have him hendered.

"You bet he was too smart to think everything was in books. Sometimes, a preacher 'r a circuit-ridin' judge 'r lyyer 'r a stump-speakin' polytician 'r a school teacher'd come along. When one o' them rode up, Tom'd go out an' say: 'Light, stranger,' like it was polite to do. Then Abe'd come lopin' out on his long legs, throw one over the top rail, an' begin firin' questions. Tom'd tell him to quit, but it didn't do no good, so Tom'd have to bang him on the side of the head with his hat. Abe'd go off a spell an' fire sticks at the snow-birds an' whistle like he didn't keer.

" 'Pap thinks it ain't polite to ask folks so many questions,' he'd say. 'I reckon I wasn't born to be polite. There's so many things I want to know. An' how else am I going to git to know 'em?' "

RESIDENCE OF NINIAN W. EDWARDS IN SPRINGFIELD, ILLINOIS, IN WHICH LINCOLN AND MARY TODD WERE MARRIED NOVEMBER 4, 1842. MRS. LINCOLN DIED THERE JULY 16, 1882.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

HIS PHOTOGRAPH.

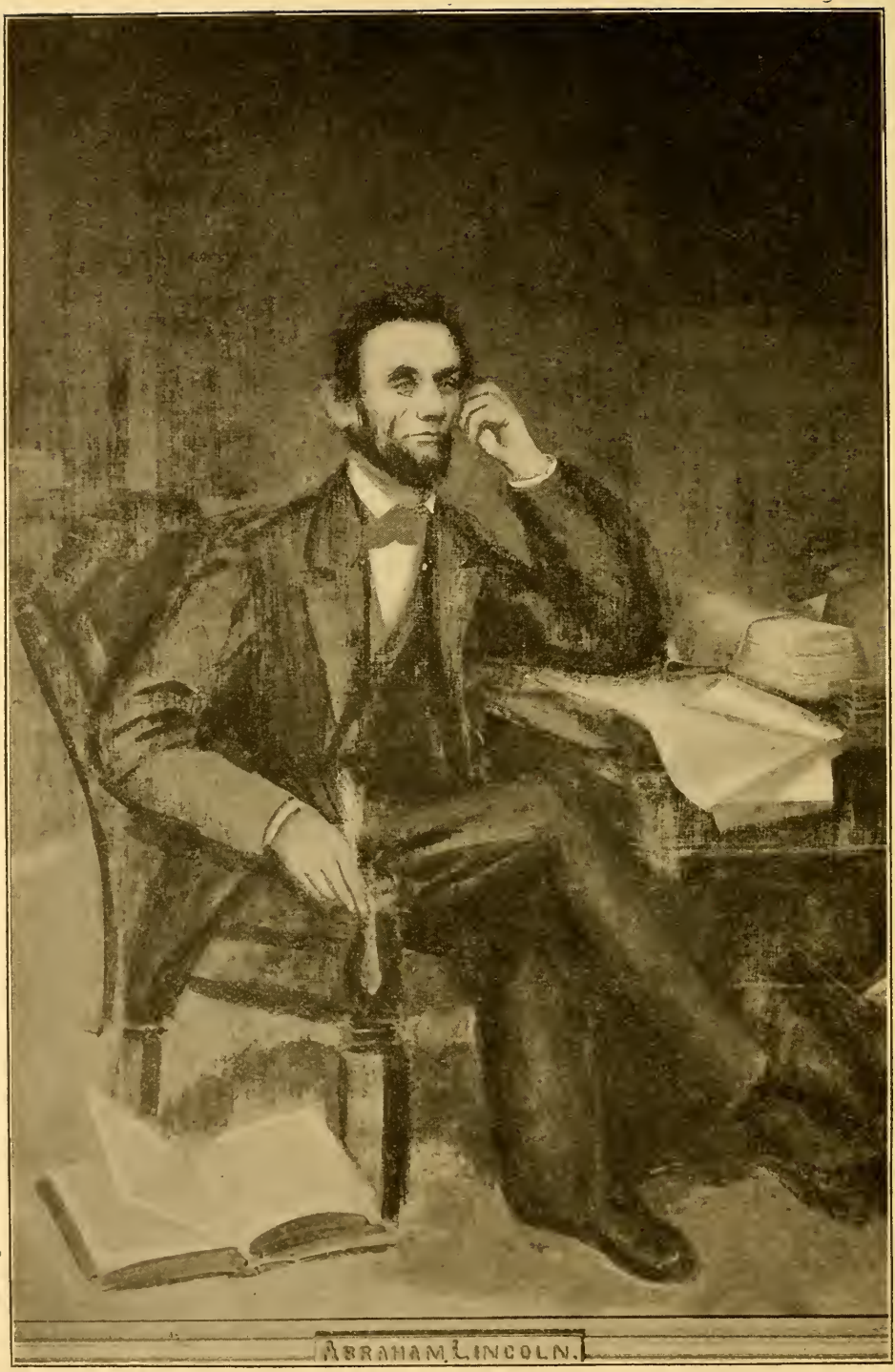
A blend of mirth and sadness, smiles and tears;
A quaint knight errant of the pioneers;
A homely hero, born of star and sod;
A Peasant Prince; a masterpiece of God.

—*Walter Malone.*

AS WE KNEW HIM.

We claim him as our hero,
Now that the world has placed
High on the scroll of fame
His valiant deeds and honored name,
It was not always thus.
We could not understand
How homely face and awkward form
Would be immortalized in bronze
To mark through ages, the memory
Of one we loved.
But so it was, his loving heart
For those oppressed, contained
The spark which smouldered on
Until the Nation craved its warmth.
No wonder that we understood him not,
When e'en the wisest could not see
The need of such a man.
We met him oft upon our busy streets
His stalwart form and graceless walk
Claimed special notice because
He was distinct.
We did not recognize the man,
That Kings and Queens so soon would know,
In height he measured six feet four,
But that which makes the man
Cannot be told in inches and in feet.
His simple words that often
Reached our ears,
Seemed commonplace to us,
But when at Gettysburg,
He used words just as plain,
The same became a classic
To wise and learned men.
The mighty hand that we so fondly grasped
The one that wielded well the ax;
The same hand was that penned the words
Of freedom to four million blacks.

—A. L. Converse, Springfield, Illinois, February 12, 1913.



OIL PAINTING OF LINCOLN IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, SPRINGFIELD.

THE PERFECT TRIBUTE.

[Mary Raymond Shipman Andrews.]

On the morning of November 18, 1863, a special train drew out from Washington, carrying a distinguished company. The presence with them of the Marine Band from the Navy Yard spoke a public occasion to come, and among the travelers there were those who might be gathered only for an occasion of importance. There were judges of the Supreme Court of the United States; there were heads of departments; the general-in-chief of the army and his staff; members of the cabinet. In their midst, as they stood about the car before settling for the journey, towered a man sad, preoccupied, unassuming; a man awkward and ill-dressed; a man, as he leaned slouchingly against the wall, of no grace of look or manner, in whose haggard face seemed to be the suffering of the sins of the world. Abraham Lincoln, President of the United States, journeyed with his party to assist at the consecration, the next day, of the national cemetery at Gettysburg. The quiet November landscape slipped past the rattling train, and the President's deep-set eyes stared out at it gravely, a bit listlessly. From time to time he talked with those who were about him; from time to time there were flashes of that quaint wit which is linked, as his greatness, with his name, but his mind was to-day dispirited, unhopeful. The weight on his shoulders seemed pressing more heavily than he had courage to press back against it, the responsibility of one almost a dictator in a wide, war-torn country came near to crushing, at times, the mere human soul and body. There was, moreover, a speech to be made to-morrow to thousands who would expect their President to say something to them worth the listening of a people who were making history; something brilliant, eloquent, strong. The melancholy gaze glittered with a grim smile. He—Abraham Lincoln—the lad bred in a cabin, tutored in rough schools here and there, fighting for, snatching at crumbs of learning that fell from rich tables, struggling to a hard knowledge which well knew its own limitations—it was he of whom this was expected. He glanced across the car. Edward Everett sat there, the orator of the following day, the finished gentleman, the careful student, the heir of traditions of learning and breeding, of scholarly instincts and resources. The self-made President gazed at him wistfully. From him the people might expect and would get a balanced and polished oration. For that end he had been born, and inheritance and opportunity and inclination had worked together for that end's perfection. While Lincoln had wrested from a scanty schooling a command of English clear and forcible always, but, he feared, rough-hewn, lacking, he feared, in finish and in breadth—of what use was it for such a one to try to fashion a speech fit to take a

LINCOLN MONUMENT AT SPRINGFIELD.

LINCOLN.

[By J. T. Trowbridge.]

Heroic soul, in homely garb half hid,
Sincere, sagacious, melancholy, quaint;
What he endured, no less than what he did,
Has reared his monument, and crowned him saint.

place by the side of Everett's silver sentences? He sighed. Yet the people had a right to the best he could give, and he would give them his best; at least he could see to it that the words were real and were short; at least he would not, so, exhaust their patience. And the work might as well be done now in the leisure of the journey. He put a hand, big, powerful, labor-knotted, into first one sagging pocket and then another, in search of a pencil, and drew out one broken across the end. He glanced about inquiringly—there was nothing to write upon. Across the car the Secretary of State had just opened a package of books and their wrapping of brown paper lay on the floor, torn carelessly in a zigzag. The President stretched a long arm.

"Mr. Seward, may I have this to do a little writing?" he asked, and the Secretary protested, insisting on finding better material.

But Lincoln, with few words, had his way, and soon the untidy stump of a pencil was at work and the great head, the deep-lined face, bent over Seward's bit of brown paper, the whole man absorbed in his task.

Earnestly, with that "capacity for taking infinite pains" which has been defined as genius, he labored as the hours flew, building together close-fitted word on word, sentence on sentence. As the sculptor must dream the statue prisoned in the marble, as the artist must dream the picture to come from the brilliant unmeaning of his palette, as the musician dreams a song, so he who writes must have a vision of his finished work before he touches, to begin it, a medium more elastic, more vivid, more powerful than any other—words—prismatic bits of humanity, old as the Pharaohs, new as the Arabs of the street, broken, sparkling, alive, from the age-long life of the race. Abraham Lincoln, with the clear thought in his mind of what he would say, found the sentences that came to him colorless, wooden. A wonder flashed over him once or twice of Everett's skill with the symbols which, it seemed to him, were to the Bostonian a keyboard facile to make music, to Lincoln tools to do his labor. He put the idea aside, for it hindered him. As he found the sword fitted to his hand he must fight with it; it might be that he, as well as Everett, could say that which should go straight from him to his people, to the nation who struggled at his back towards a goal. At least each syllable he said should be chiseled from the rock of his sincerity. So he cut here and there an adjective, here and there a phrase, baring the heart of his thought, leaving no ribbon or flower of rhetoric to flutter in the eyes of those with whom he would be utterly honest. And when he had done he read the speech and dropped it from his hand to the floor and stared again from the window. It was the best he could do, and it was a failure. So, with the pang of the workman who believes his work done wrong, he lifted and folded the torn bit of paper and put it in his pocket, and put aside the thought of it, as of a bad thing which he might not better, and turned and talked cheerfully with his friends.

* * * * * * *

"FIFTY YEARS AFTER, A REVERIE."

[From "Lincoln at Gettysburg"—Clark E. Carr.]

On a bright November afternoon of long ago when the autumn leaves were tinged with a thousand hues of beauty, upon an eminence in the midst of a great plain bounded by lofty mountains, I saw a vast concourse of men and women. I saw among them illustrious warriors, gifted poets, and profound statesmen. I saw ambassadors of mighty empires, governors of great commonwealths, ministers of cabinets, men of high position and power. I saw above their heads, upon every hand, a starry banner, dropping under the weight of sombre drapery. I saw men and women standing among new-made graves, overwhelmed with grief which they vainly endeavored to conceal. I knew that I was in the midst of a people bowing under great affliction, of a land stricken with sorrow. I knew that the tide of destruction and death had not ceased to ebb and flow, but that at that moment the fate of my country was trembling in the balance, her only hope in the fortitude and valor of her sons, who were baring their breasts to storms of shot and shell only a few miles away.

I saw standing in the midst of that mighty assembly a man of majestic yet benignant mien, of features worn and haggard, but beaming with purity, with patriotism, and with hope. Every eye was directed towards him, and, as men looked into his calm, sad, earnest face, they recognized the great President, the foremost man of the world, not only in position and power but in all the noblest attributes of humanity.

When he essayed to speak, such solemn silence reigned as when, within consecrated walls, men and women feel themselves in the presence of Deity. Each sentence, slowly and earnestly pronounced, as its full import was apprehended, sank into every patriotic heart, gave a strange lustre to every face, and nerved every arm. In those utterances, the abstract, the condensation, the summing up of American patriotism, were contained the hopes, the aspirations, the stern resolves, the consecration upon the altar of humanity, of a great people.

From the hour of that solemn dedication the final triumph of the loyal hosts was assured. As the Christian day by day voices the sacred prayer given him by his Saviour so the American Patriot will continue to cherish those sublime sentiments and inspired words. While the Republic lives he will continue to repeat them, and while, realizing all their solemn significance, he continues to repeat them, the Republic will live.

MARBLE STATUE OF LINCOLN IN STATEHOUSE, SPRINGFIELD.

ADDRESS ON THE BATTLEFIELD OF GETTYSBURG.

[At the Dedication of the Cemetery, November 19, 1863.]

Four score and seven years ago our fathers brought forth on this continent a new nation, conceived in Liberty, and dedicated to the proposition that all men are created equal.

Now we are engaged in a great Civil War, testing whether that nation, or any nation so conceived and so dedicated, can long endure. We are met on a great battlefield of that war. We have come to dedicate a portion of that field as a final resting place for those who here gave their lives that that nation might live. It is altogether fitting and proper that we should do this.

But, in a larger sense, we can not dedicate—we can not consecrate—we can not hallow—this ground. The brave men, living and dead, who struggled here, have consecrated it, far above our poor power to add or detract. The world will little note, nor long remember what we say here, but it can never forget what they did here. It is for us the living, rather, to be didicated here to the unfinished work which they who fought here have thus far so nobly advanced. It is rather for us to be here dedicated to the great task remaining before us—that from these honored dead we take increased devotion to that cause for which they gave the last full measure of devotion—that we here highly resolve that these dead shall not have died in vain—that this nation, under God, shall have a new birth of freedom—and that government of the people, by the people, for the people, shall not perish from the earth.

THE SOUTH AND ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

[From "A Tribute from the South," by Hon. Joseph T. Robinson, U. S. Senator from Arkansas.]

When the spirit of revenge has seized the souls of many then in power; when the South lay at the feet of the Union armies; when the multitudes were crying "Hang the Rebels!" and "Little Tad," God bless his memory, said "No, let's not hang them; let's hang on to them," Mr. Lincoln declared "Tad is right; let's hang on to them; not hang them." Thus was epitomized the policy pursued in the restoration of the seceding states. Thus was exemplified the resolute mercy of him whom the South had hated, but who, unresentfully, stood as a "pillar of cloud by day and fire by night" between what remained of her civilization and destruction. It is for this magnanimous service that the South reverently joins the North in celebrating this occasion; commissions me to bring a white rose plucked by the daughter of a Confederate soldier from a garden blooming in the heart of Dixie. If Mr. Lincoln were now alive there is not a home in all the South that would not give him joyous welcome. The surviving followers of the dauntless Lee, untitled knights in grey, would combine with the scattered fragments of Grant's legion to form his guard of honor.

LINCOLN, THE MAN OF THE PEOPLE.

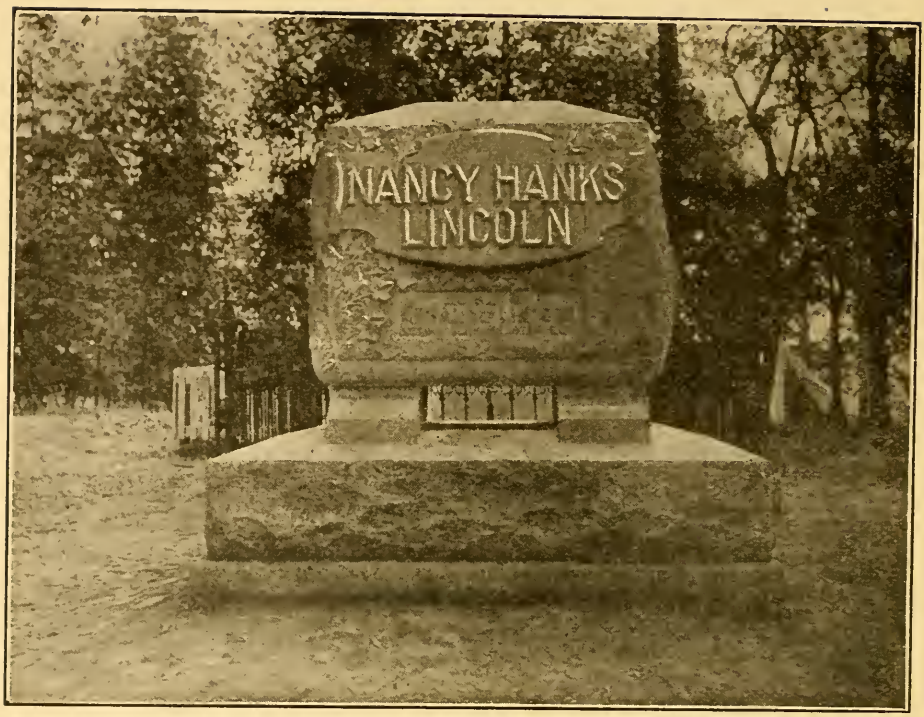
[Edwin Markham.]

When the Norn-Mother saw the Whirlwind Hour,
Greatening and darkening as it hurried on,
She bent the strenuous heavens and came down
To make a man to meet the mortal need.
She took the tried clay of the common road—
Clay warm yet with the genial heat of Earth,
Dashed through it all a strain of prophecy;
Then mixed a laughter with the serious stuff.
It was a stuff to wear for centuries,
A man that matched the mountains and compelled
The stars to look our way and honor us.

The color of the ground was in him, the red earth;
The tang and odor of the primal things—
The rectitude and patience of the rocks;
The gladness of the wind that shakes the corn;
The courage of the bird that dares the sea;
The justice of the rain that loves all leaves;
The pity of the snow that hides all scars;
The loving kindness of the wayside well;
The tolerance and equity of light that gives as freely to
The shrinking weed as to the great oak flaring to the wind—
The grave's low hill as to the Matterhorn
That shoulders out the sky.

And so he came.
From prairie cabin to the Capital,
One fair Ideal led our chieftain on.
Forevermore he burned to do his deed
With the fine stroke and gesture of a king,
He built the rail pile as he built the state,
Pouring his splendid strength through every blow,
The conscience of him testing every stroke,
To make his deed the measure of a man.

So came the captain with the mighty heart;
And when the step of Earthquake shook the house,
Wrenching the rafters from their ancient hold,
He held the ridge pole up, and spiked again
The rafters of the Home. He held his place—
Held the long purpose like a growing tree—
Held on through blame and faltered not at praise.
And when he fell in Whirlwind, he went down
As when a kingly cedar green with boughs
Goes down with a great shout upon the hills,
And leaves a lonesome place against the sky.



NANCY HANKS LINCOLN, MOTHER OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Monument Erected to Nancy Hanks Lincoln at Her Grave Near Lincoln City, Spencer Co., Indiana, Through the Generosity of Col. J. S. Culver, Springfield, Ill., From the Old Stone of the Lincoln Monument at Springfield. Monument Dedicated October 1, 1902.

NANCY HANKS.

[From "A Tribute From the South"—by Hon. Joseph T. Robinson, U. S. Senator from Arkansas.]

Poor Nancy Hanks! For every joy life brought to you, there came a thousand woes! For every day of calm and sun, a year of storm and gloom! Into your grave unspoken went the story of your sorrow and sufferings. Yours was a life of obscurity. To your son was transmitted a heritage of fellowship for common people, a capacity for mighty duties, never one neglected or forgotten. The hardships of humble birth, poverty and toil, gave a color to the life of Mr. Lincoln which never faded, stored in his mind a knowledge of common things, and a familiarity with the trivial achievements and weighty cares of the humble.

LINCOLN.

[By Odillon B. Slane.]

From a cabin to the White House,
And from poverty to power,
Rose the nation's valiant chieftain
In that dark and trying hour;
When the cry was—"Save the union,"
When the thunder drums of war
Filled the soldier heart with courage,
Rallying thousands from afar.

From a cabin to the White House,
All his genius could employ
The heritage that followed,
From the State of Illinois
Where he met the giant, Douglas,
On the platform in our state,
How they wrestled with each other,
These great masters of debate.

From a cabin to the White House,
In the early sixties—when
The battle cry of freedom
Had inspired the hearts of men;
The chief of a mighty nation,
With a stroke of his mighty pen,
Wrote out the Emancipation,
Breathing liberty again.

From a cabin to the White House,
Half a century ago,
From Sumter to Appomattox
Waged the struggle to and fro;
Now advancing—now retreating—
Now with Sherman to the sea,
The conflict only ended
When Grant met General Lee.

From a cabin to the White House,
And breasting the stars and bars,
Bearing high our nation's ensign,
The glorious stripes and stars,
Increasing true devotion.
In this land of Freedom's birth,
Where government of the people
Shall not perish from the earth.

THE LINCOLN HOME, SPRINGFIELD.

TRIBUTE TO LINCOLN.

A man of great ability, pure patriotism, unselfish nature, full of forgiveness to his enemies, bearing malice toward none, he proved to be the man above all others for the struggle through which the nation had to pass to place itself among the greatest in the family of nations. His fame will grow brighter as time passes and his great work is better understood.

—U. S. Grant.

1775 N STREET,
WASHINGTON, D. C.

April 21, 1916.

My Dear Mr. Blair:

Of course I heartily sympathize with the object of your Memorial Day pamphlet, for the young people of to-day ought to be made to know as much as possible of the great events in our history of fifty years ago, and of the great moral forces by which they were brought about. I am, however, going to ask you to excuse me from writing the letter you suggest; in the years gone by I have taken some part in Memorial Day celebrations because I have thought it my duty as an individual to do so, but always with some hesitation for on such an occasion it is impossible that the part my father took in those events should not be the matter of especial comment and I have always felt more comfortable in leaving to others entirely, speech-making occasions or letter-writing occasions in which the events of his life were apt to be the subject of commendation. Instead of diminishing, this feeling has grown upon me.

Very sincerely yours,

(Signed) Robert T. Lincoln.

Hon. Francis G. Blair,
Superintendent of Public Instruction.

MURAL DECORATION IN THE ROTUNDA OF THE CAPITOL BUILDING, SPR INGF
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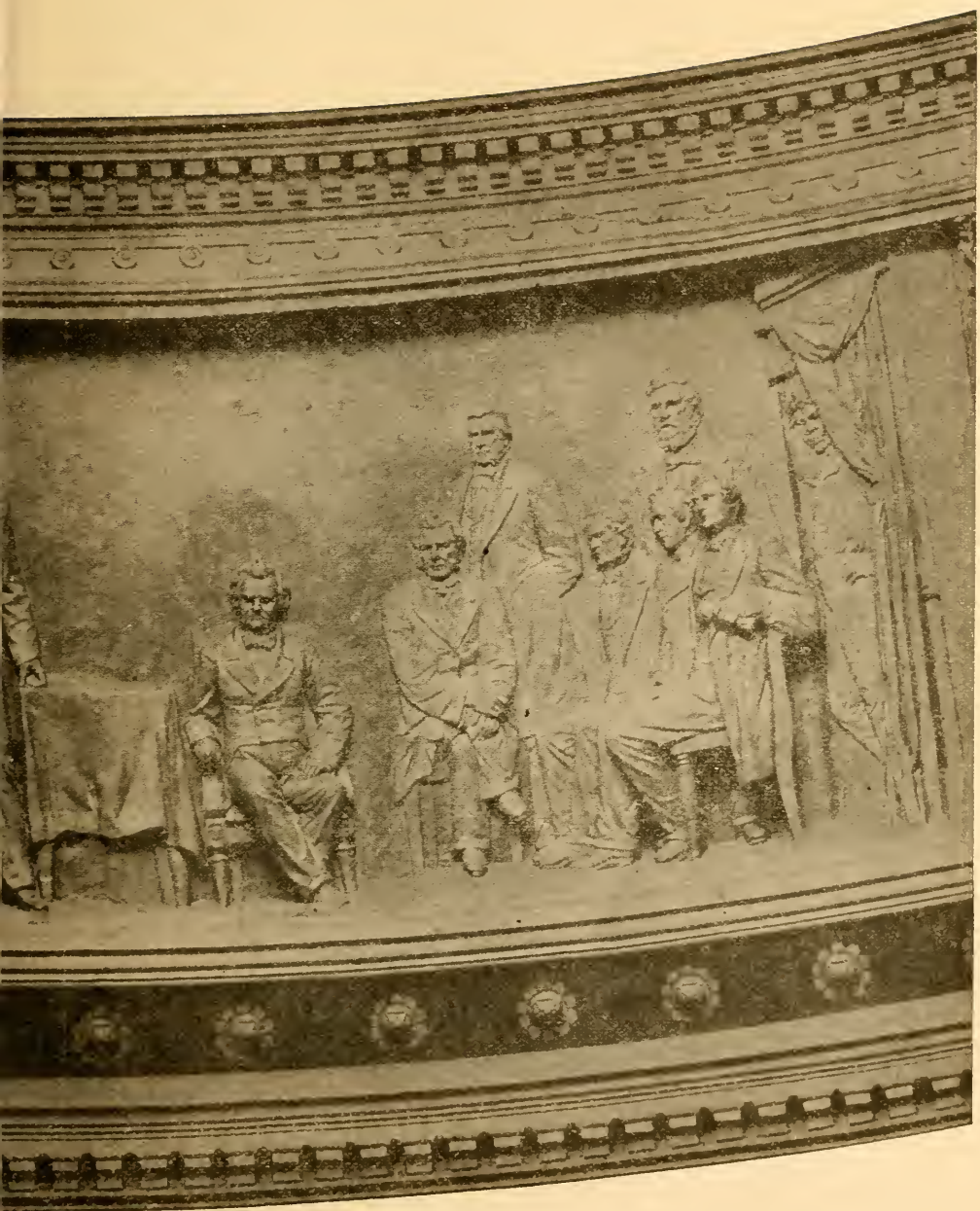

ELD, BY NICOLAI SHOWING THE DEBATE BETWEEN LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS
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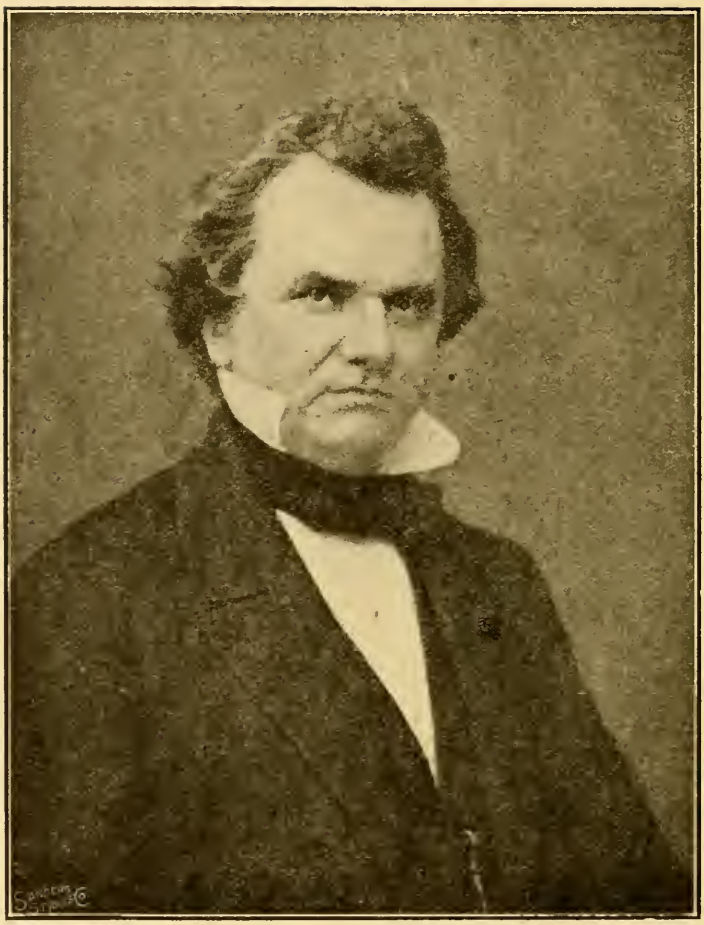


STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

TWO GREAT SONS OF ILLINOIS.

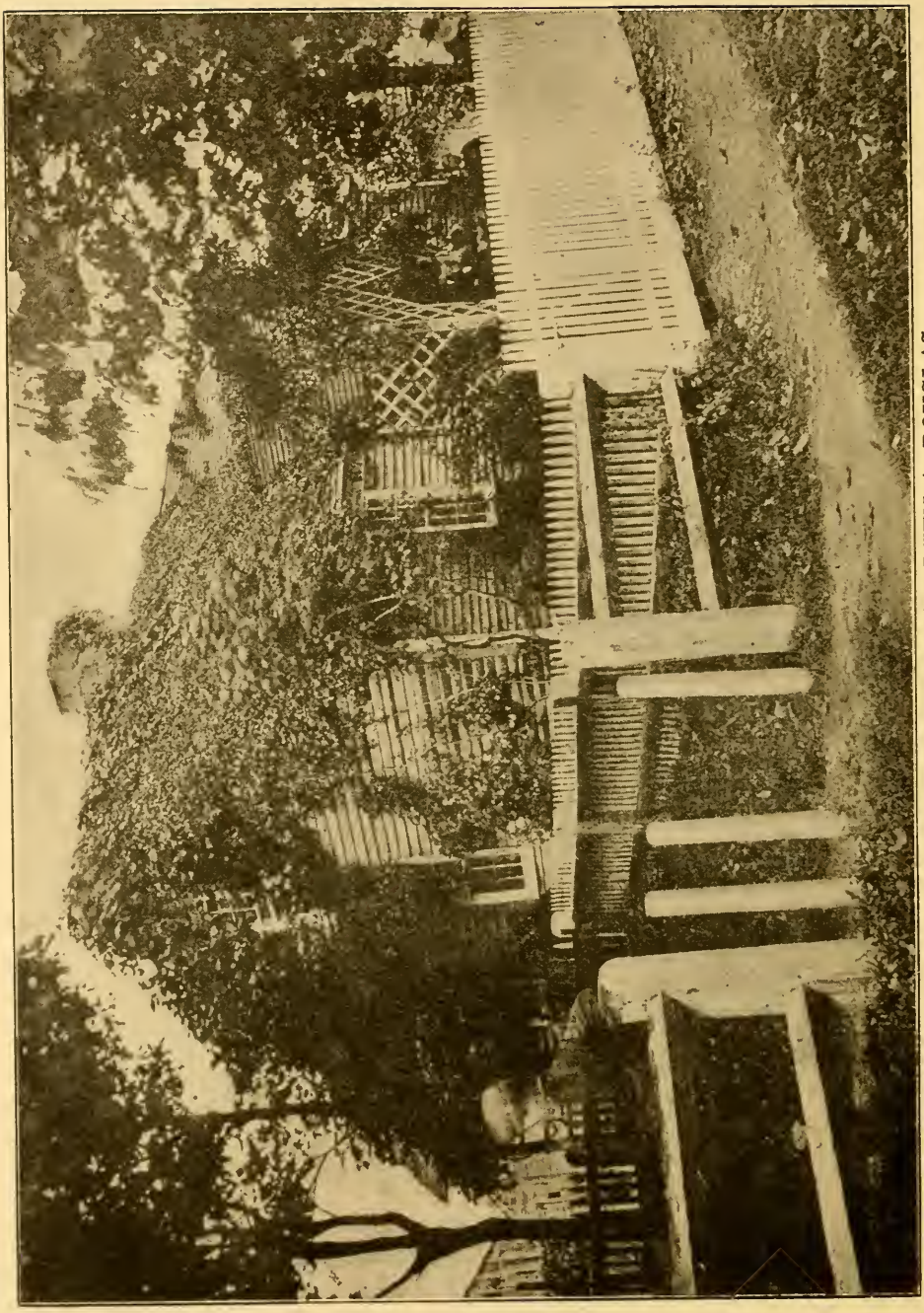
[Hon. EDWARD F. DUNNE Springfield, Ill.]

One hundred years ago, in a little village in Vermont, there was born a man, who, when he arrived at the years of manhood, made his home in the State of Illinois, and who, from the time when he came to this State, until the time of his untimely death in 1861, was one of the great intellectual leaders, not only of the State of Illinois, but of the United States of America.

In the political struggles which attracted the attention not only of this State, but of the whole United States, he became one of the great moving figures, and in his intellectual combats with another great Illinoisan, Abraham Lincoln, he riveted the attention of the whole of the United States upon the issues of his day.

These two great sons of Illinois became so prominent in the political life of the United States that they were both nominated for the highest executive office in the gift of the people of the United States, and after a most memorable struggle, Abraham Lincoln, his competitor, was elected President of the United States.

At this juncture this nation was faced with a situation full of peril, if not complete extinction, and upon that great occasion the man whose name we now meet to commemorate, proved himself a patriot among patriots, and next to Abraham Lincoln, himself, did more for the preservation of the integrity of the United States than any other man within its confines.



BIRTHPLACE OF STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

[By Clark E. Carr.]

FIRST APPEARANCE IN ILLINOIS.

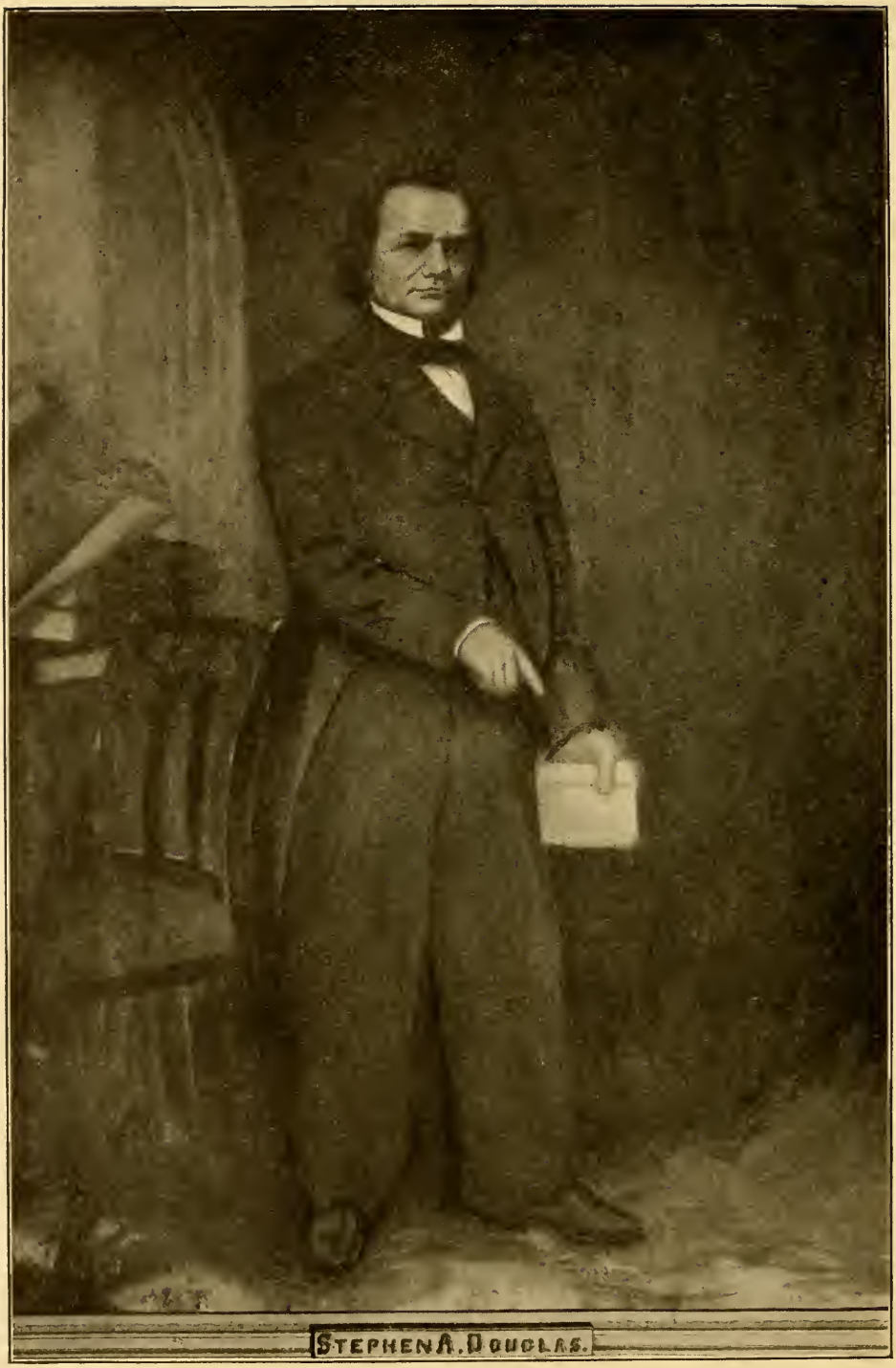
Slender of figure, only five feet four in height, and only twenty years old, without a friend and with scarcely an acquaintance within a thousand miles, with but a few cents in his pocket, Stephen A. Douglas, in the spring of 1833, walked into the town of Winchester in Scott County, Illinois, with his coat on his arm, in the hope of being able to find employment.

As he proceeded along the main street of the town he saw quite a number of people assembled, and learned that there was to be an auction of the goods and chattels and livestock of some citizen of the county. The young man paused to ask a question, when he was asked whether he could write and keep accounts; to which he replied in the affirmative. It was then proposed to him that he act as clerk of the auction, and he engaged to do so at the wages of two dollars a day. The auction continued for three days, and he was paid six dollars for his services.

This was the first money he ever earned.

The young man soon found an opportunity for more permanent employment by opening a private school. He got together forty scholars for a term of three months, at three dollars a scholar, which gave him enough for his immediate wants. He had studied the law in an eastern state and, while thus teaching, he continued that study.

Within ten years after that friendless boy walked into that town, he had been admitted to the bar, immediately becoming a successful lawyer; had been a member of the Illinois Legislature; had been prosecuting attorney; had been register of the land office at Springfield; had been Secretary of State of Illinois; had been a judge of the Supreme Court of Illinois, presiding upon the bench; and was on his way to Washington to take his seat in the Lower House of Congress, to which position he had been elected. When the congressional term expired he was reelected and then reelected again, each time by increased majorities. When about to enter upon his third term in the Lower House of Congress he was elected to the United States Senate for six years. When that term in the Senate expired he was reelected for another term practically without opposition. Six years later he was confronted by Abraham Lincoln in the great debates; he was victorious, and was reelected to a third term; upon this he served but little more than two years, when he died at forty-eight years of age.



OIL PAINTING OF DOUGLAS IN HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES, SPRINGFIELD.

DOUGLAS AND LINCOLN.

[By U. S. Senator LAWRENCE Y. SHERMAN, taken from a speech delivered at the centennial celebration of the birth of Stephen A. Douglas in the House of Representatives Hall, Springfield, Illinois, April 23, 1913.]

There are few who come here, who know the history of this country, who do not, at the same time they pay a tribute to Lincoln, remember his great colleague in that struggle, because in its finish he was a colleague.

From this capital at one time there originated a forensic struggle that was titanic in its elements and in its actors.

It is difficult, after more than half a century has elapsed, to study the controversy and the men who conducted it, without a quickening pulse, and a brightened eye.

Both of them developed their peculiar powers in the pioneer life of Illinois. Both sprang from the people.

Both had the same inheritances of head, and heart and hand. One was a woodman and a flatboatman. The other a cabinetmaker. One was a surveyor. The other was an auctioneer's clerk. Both were law students. Both were afterwards lawyers, both were members of the Legislature. Both were stump speech debaters in the manner of that time, that has endured unto the present hour. Both became the chief of great political parties. Both became candidates for United States Senator. Both were candidates for the Presidency, but always, wherever they were, whether in the midst of the primeval forest, or crossing the channels of the inland rivers, whether they were in court, or in a campaign, they were always an inspiration and type for the youth of the country to emulate, and the men of this republic to admire.

We owe, to-night, to Stephen A. Douglas, this tribute to his memory and our respects for the one hundredth anniversary of his birth.

It is altogether fit and proper that here and now we record our devotion to his life and to his public services.

* * * * * * *

When the flag was lowered at Sumter, Douglas became the first and the greatest of war Democrats.

He pledged his help to Lincoln to maintain the Union, and he nobly redeemed his promise.

He saw armed rebellion lift its hand against a people's government. The gathering squadrons of disunion hurried to the fields of the Civil War; but amid the confusion his voice always rang true. "There are no neutrals in this country. There are none but patriots and traitors." The words printed on your program are the words that, if any great dome should be erected to the memory, in marble and bronze, ought to be cut on its base—these words that are the words of one who believed in this Union and believed it was worth saving, as it then was.

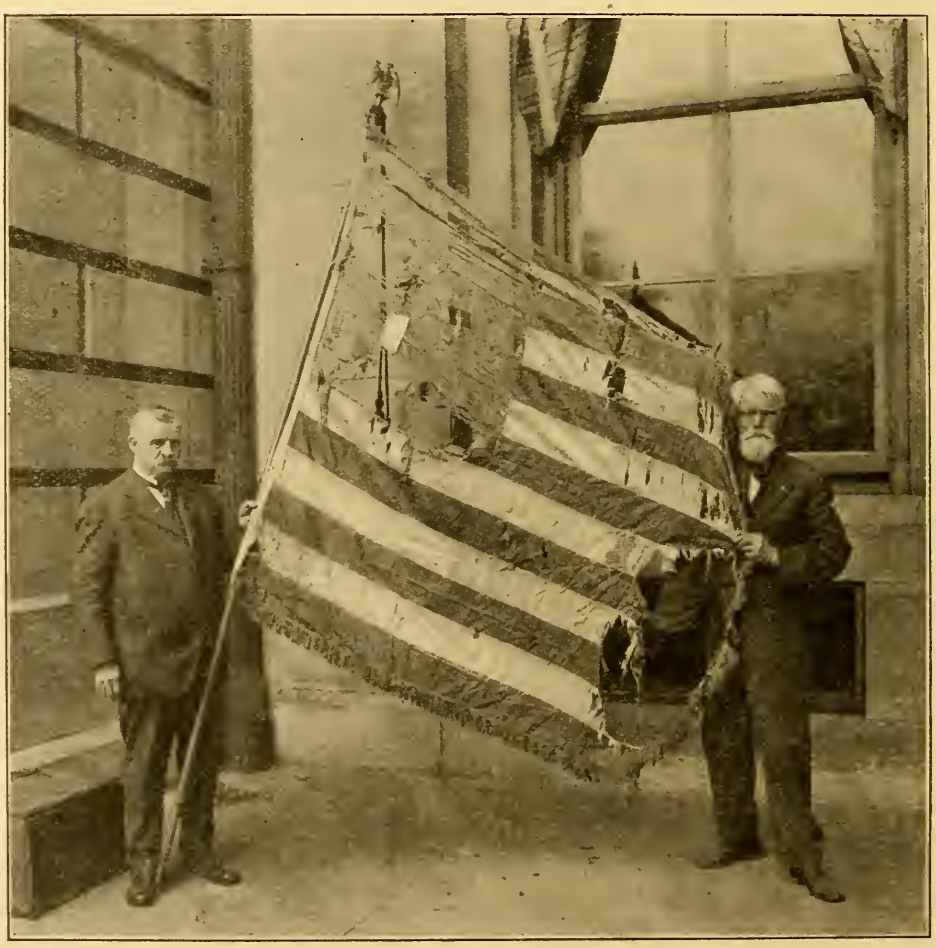
One June 3, 1861, he died, young in years, but fruitful in results. His battle cry sounded from the grave. The spirit of Douglas rose, above the storm of civil war, from Sumter to Appomattox.

The men who followed him in campaign, met treason on a hundred fields. They gave proof of their devotion, as men who loved the Union, by the sacrifice of their lives.

There was no party in the service that Douglas gave, in the last remnants of his broken life. In the last supreme test his heroic figure, in Illinois, must rise alongside of the memory of Lincoln. He was rightfully called the "Little Giant."

Born in obscurity, and bred in poverty, with head and hand and heart imbued with valor and devotion, he lived to see the time when he was the leader of hundreds of thousands of men who trusted implicitly his judgment, his honor, his wisdom, his courage.

To his great rival, in the day of defeat, he gave the full measure of his devotion. He was great in life, but he was unspeakably greater in his death.



BATTLE OF FLAG OF FIFTEENTH ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

With Names of Battles Through Which It Was Carried—Shiloh, Siege of Corinth and Matamora. Col. A. H. Wheat, Co. F, 15th Ill. Vol., Is Holding the Flagstaff. Comrade W. H. Hodges, Custodian of State Memorial Museum, Holds the Tattered Emblem.

MARBLE STATUE OF DOUGLAS IN STATEHOUSE, SPRINGFIELD.

DOUGLAS, THE PATRIOT.

[By U. S. Senator JAMES HAMILTON LEWIS, taken from a speech delivered at the centennial celebration of the birth of Stephen A. Douglas in the House of Representatives Hall, Springfield, Illinois, April 23, 1913.]

It is all well enough, my fellow Illinoisans, to take great pride in these little temporary outbursts of enthusiasm that we experience from time to time when someone attains to some feat that is known in its hour as an achievement, when it is beheld in haste, but—

"The tumult and the shouting dies,
The captains and the kings depart;
Still stands thine ancient sacrifice,
A humble and a contrite heart.
Lord God of Hosts, be with us yet—
Lest we forget; Lest we forget!"

We go in this hour for the restoration of America, back to the wisdom of other days.

If America is to be preserved to her children as the inheritance of freedom and justice, as transmitted from the fathers who founded the republic of Washington, Jefferson, and Hamilton, we need to be restored to the doctrines of Douglas and Lincoln, which followed the sacred path of Washington, as he proclaimed, in his farewell message:

"Peace with all nations;
Entangling alliances with none.
Here, upon this rock, we build our church!"

THE BATTLE FLAG OF THIRTY-FIRST ILLINOIS VOLUNTEERS.

The last thought which shall engage my attention in this casual survey of this distinguished gentleman shall be that of "Patriot," and that splendid loyalty which he bore to his country—as his country!

It may have been, gentlemen of Illinois, that he must forego the hope of political elevation; it may be that he bade good-bye to those flattering huzzas that come from an admiring multitude; it may be that he kissed farewell to many ambitions and opportunities that his heart cherished and his soul desired, for the good of his country, and his sincerity as a patriot.

Here was a man big enough to realize that while there could be personal defeat for him, through such defeat there could be victory for that which was beyond and superior to him—his country!

His was the creed of the dictator of Tripoli: "My country! May she be right; But, right or wrong, my country!"

Oh, how well he upheld the Constitution! He saw the prospect of war, and he realized what it meant to this Union. He did all he could to avert it. Indoors and out, he spoke of its possibilities. In public places and in private chambers, he inveighed against those who sought to bring on disaster. With every expression of his life, he cried for peace and justice, but when the hour came that was inevitable, in his vision he saw two great things, the fleets mowed down, desolation in the cities, the tramp of soldiery breaking upon the ear, mothers hugging their babes to their bosoms, baptizing their faces to the falling tears, as the first born had fallen upon the hills.

He realized it was war! There was but one place for him, and that was the Temple of the Republic. There he hastened, in great anxiety for his country.

He was a citizen of Illinois! He was the compatriot of Lincoln! He was the devoted son of the Constitution, and it was in that hour that the splendor of his character rose above every form of hostile accusation.

Still we behold him, to-night, in the retrospect, sweet and gentle with it all!

Gentlemen, I can possibly appreciate more fully the situation than many of you who honor me with your audience.

I recognize that with these distinguished speakers who preceded me, we accord to all men to-night that which they did, and that which they said, came from the heart that beat within them, came from the soul of duty, as it was defined by every impulse of patriotism!

I come from that borderland, where on a thousand hills a mother kissed her two sons goodbye, and sent them off with her tears upon their cheeks, one to die for his country, the other to fall for his home!

Blessed be he that speaketh from his heart! To-night we pray for all, in common, and pray they rest in heaven together. I therefore speak of them as one who speaks of the common country preserved. I delight to-night to feel that the sons of those who battled together are once again reunited.

LINCOLN AND DOUGLAS IN SCHOOL CONVENTION.

A second convention was held at Vandalia, December 5 and 6, 1834, at which sixty delegates were present from over thirty counties

of the State—principally members of the General Assembly then in session,—among whom were Abraham Lincoln, Stephen A. Douglas, and others whose names became afterward well known in the State. Hon Cyrus Edwards was chosen president, and Stephen A. Douglas, secretary.

—*From Journal of Proceedings of the Illinois State Teachers Association 1869.*

STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS.

[Hon. Wm. L. Davidson, Lewistown, Illinois.]

Lincoln was carefully guarded from this city to the capitol at Washington. When he got there, on that fateful day, when, on the wide steps of the capitol, he was administered the oath of office and delivered his inaugural address and threats had been made everywhere that Lincoln would be assassinated, in that pregnant hour when you would think the great leaders of that party would be nearest to him to protect him, I will be hanged if the eminent leaders were not behind the marble pillars or somewhere else, and Stephen A. Douglas was beside Lincoln, holding the first shiny hat that old Abe ever had in his life, during all of the time while Lincoln delivered the inaugural address and took the oath of office.

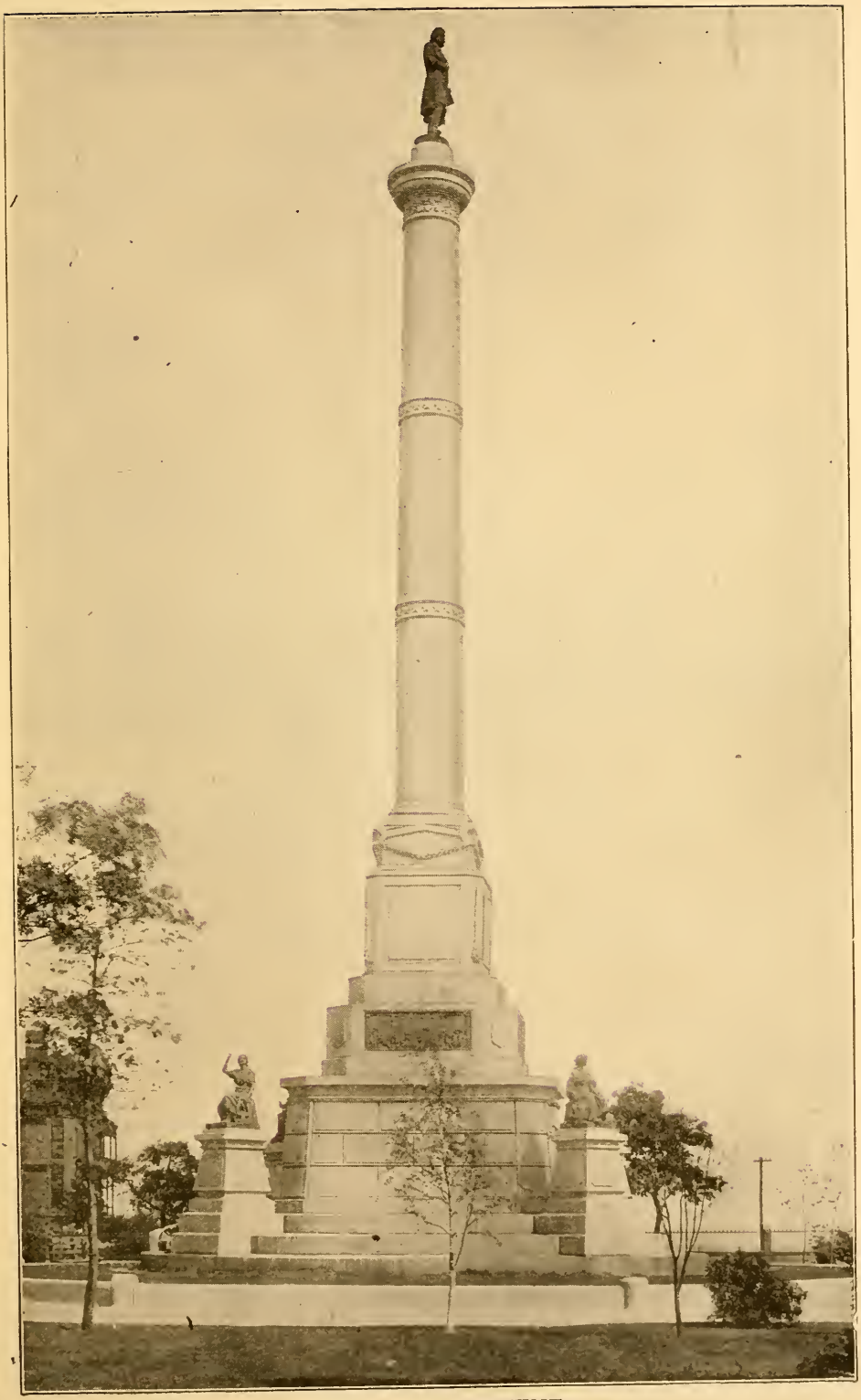
Don't you forget it! He was called that afternoon to the White House. The lawn of the White House was covered with politicians seeking office, and an army of New England preachers who had come to tell old Abe how to run the Government, when a magic thing occurred, similar to that which happened to the children of Israel when Moses made the waters of the Red Sea part, side by side, until the children of Israel should have passed through unharmed.

Once again, the vast mass of people there in the White House grounds, by some authority were divided in two, while Stephen A. Douglas, the senior senator of Illinois, was admitted to the presence of the new President of the United States.

It is known that he was there in consultation with the President for over three hours, but nobody knows all that occurred. The only thing we did know, even at the time, was that Douglas, weak, infirm, and dying, was implored to come back to Chicago, to come back to Springfield, to rally the democracy to the support of the Union and the flag. You know what happened. * * *

Then and there he told them the story of the South plotting to destroy this Union. There again he rallied as he had from early youth, the democracy of Illinois to his support and that day in his last great speech he cried out to them, "No longer in this crisis can there be democrats and republicans. It is up to each man to decide and he has got to be a patriot or a traitor."

On that pregnant day I want to tell you that the men who had been unconsciously fighting the Union, were induced to take their places, right-about-face, in the support of Abraham Lincoln, constitutionally elected to the Presidency. They took up their loyalty to the flag and to the Union, don't you forget it! Once again the



DOUGLAS MONUMENT.

miracle of the King of Galilee was performed upon the earth and at that voice the unconscious waters of treason were changed into the rich red wine of patriotism, to the flag of the Union, and it was the voice of Douglas that did it.

O, how we loved him! How all the people loved him! Just a few days after he died, strong men cried in every street and hamlet of this country. In our own little city, I remember there was a Union burial service for Judge Douglas. The distinguished men of both parties tried in vain to acknowledge his patriotism, his magnanimity, his loyalty. In vain they tried to tell it, but broke down and could not tell the story.

There was our choir of the boys and girls, sweet girls trying to sing for the dead Douglas the requiems only sung for the mighty men of earth and they too, with tear-splashed faces and quivering voices, failed and gave it up. They could not sing of the death of that man.

Now I am asking you and I am here just this brief time, to appeal to this great audience in the city of Springfield, the people of the city so familiar with him, to join me in the general effort to bring back the glowing Douglas to life once more, to rectify the mistake that has been made, to fill your schools and homes with loyalty to that other son of Illinois, so that when the second centennial of his death will come, a grateful people will have erected, high up in the Nation's hall of fame, close by the name of the adored and immortal Lincoln, erected high up there also the name of that other darling son of Illinois, the name of Stephen Arnold Douglas.

THE TRUE IDEALS OF DOUGLAS.

[By Hon. Robert Dick Douglas, taken from a speech delivered at the centennial celebration of the birth of Stephen A Douglas in the House of Representatives Hall, Springfield, Illinois, April 23, 1913.]

His last days were his darkest because they were the darkest for his beloved country; but those days gave him an opportunity of appearing in a new light to many of his countrymen who had theretofore viewed him from the standpoint of partisan opposition.

The gallant political army he had so long and so brilliantly led to victory had at last been defeated and the National Government put into the hands of his political opponents; but when the echo of the guns at Sumter told the country that at last civil war was a dreadful reality, he did not hesitate, but promptly offered his services to the Government in any capacity in which he could best be used for the preservation of the Union, and immediately began his efforts to hold loyal the great Middle West.

Here in your city of Springfield was made one of his last speeches in which he pleaded, and pleaded not in vain, that all should forget past differences and rally to the support of the Union.

How great was his love for the Union, how intimately it was interwoven even with his personal affection, is shown by the thoughts that filled his mind in his dying moments.

In June, 1861, he lay upon his bed in Chicago, knowing that his end had come. He was asked if he had any message to send to his two young sons, then in the city of Washington. "Yes," said the dying man. And what was that message? "Tell them to obey the laws and support the Constitution of the United States."

But the man himself had not changed. His ideals and aspirations were the same that they had always been. His love for the Union was no stronger in 1861 than it had been throughout all the years during which he had been striving to preserve it. It was simply that his former opponents were seeing the same man in a new light.

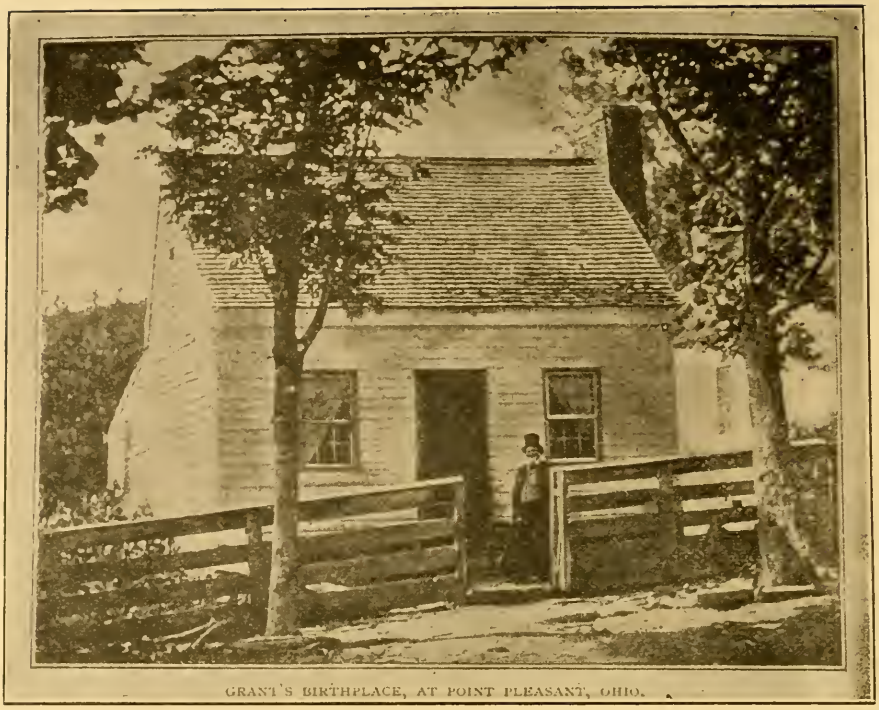
I proudly think that Stephen A. Douglas would have been a man among men in any country or amidst any surroundings; but I do not forget that you, the people of the great State of Illinois, welcomed the unknown boy to your midst; believed in him, trusted him, loved him, and so, wherever their home or whatever their fortunes or their destinies may be, so long as his name and blood shall last, they will love you for it.

Whether you, looking backward in the light of subsequent events, agree or disagree with the ultimate wisdom of each particular measure which he, looking into the unknown future, originated, or to which he gave his aid, is a matter of little moment. But as one who through filial affection reveres his memory, as one who through the accident of birth represents him here to-day, I would, if I thought the occasion fitting, make one request of you—that you give him credit for unselfish sincerity and unfaltering courage.

Before a hostile audience I would make this request, and only this; but standing here in your capitol at Springfield, before you, the people of Illinois, knowing what you have done in the past, seeing and hearing what you are doing to-day, I feel that such a request coming from me would by implication be more than unjust, it would be most ungracious.

More than half a century has passed since Stephen A. Douglas ended his short and storm-tossed life and laid his head for his last long sleep on the bosom of his adopted mother. Cities have arisen where he knew only prairies; a new generation has come to take the places of his friends and associates; almost all has changed; but Illinois is fast making real his fondest dreams of her future greatness, and the nation that he loved has escaped the fate he feared and set in the political heavens a rainbow of perpetual Union.

My only regret is that he could not have lived to see the civic tempest, which beclouded his dying hours, give place to the sunshine of to-day.



GRANT'S BIRTHPLACE, AT POINT PLEASANT, OHIO.

BIRTHPLACE OF ULYSSES S. GRANT.

GENERAL ULYSSES S. GRANT'S CHRONOLOGY.

1822—Born, Point Pleasant, Ohio, April 27.
1839—Entered West Point Military Academy.
1843—Graduated from West Point.
1845—Entered the Mexican war.
1848—Married Miss Julia Dent, near St. Louis.
Was stationed at Detroit and at Sacket's Harbor, New York.
1852—Sent to Pacific coast.
1854—Resigned from army.
Began farming near St. Louis.
1859—Entered real estate business in St. Louis.
1860—Employed in a leather store at Galena, Illinois.
1861—Entered the army as colonel of the Twenty-first Illinois Regiment.
Promoted to Brigadier-General.
Stationed at Cairo, Illinois.
Seized Paducah, Kentucky.
Fought battle of Belmont, Missouri.
1862—Captured Forts Henry and Donelson.
Won battle of Shiloh.
1863—Captured Vicksburg.
Made commander of the Western Army.
Won the battle of Chattanooga.
1864—Made commander in chief of all the armies.
Took up his headquarters with the Army of the East.
1865—Captured Lee's army, which practically closed the war.
1868—Elected President of the United States.
1872—Was reelected.
1877—Began a trip around the world.
1884—Lost all his property by the rascality of a business partner.
1885—Wrote his Personal Memoir.
Died at McGregor, New York, July 23.

CHILDHOOD OF ULYSSES S. GRANT.

[From "Grant, His Life and Character"—HAMLIN GARLAND.]

Ulysses S. Grant was born in a cabin home standing in a little village on the north bank of the Ohio river, at a point about twenty-five miles east of Cincinnati. This cabin stood comparatively unchanged up to the year 1885, when it was taken down and removed to Columbus as a relic.

It was a one-story building of two very small rooms, with an outside chimney at one end, in the manner of southern cottages. In one room the family lived in the daytime, cooking at the big fireplace, and eating at a pine table. In the other room they slept.

It was almost as humble in appearance as the home in which Abraham Lincoln first saw light. The village was called Point Pleasant, and it was indeed a beautiful place. Below the door the Ohio river curved away into the blue distance, and behind it rose hills covered with tall woods of oak and walnut and ash. At that time the river was the great highway, and over its steel-bright surface the stern-wheel steamers "Daniel Boone" and "Simon Kenton" plied amid many flatboats, like immense swans surrounded by awkward waterbugs.

Ulysses developed early into a self-reliant child, active and healthy. He came at the age of seven to a share in the work about the house and yard. He began to pick up chips and to carry in the wood for the big fireplace, quite like the son of a farmer. He was called "Lys," or in the soft drawl of the South, "Lyssus"; his playmates had not yet begun to find it worth while to tease him about his name. He had wonderful love for horses, and as soon as he could toddle he delighted to go out across the yard, where, at the hitching poles before the finishing room of the tannery, several teams were almost always to be found on pleasant days. He crawled about between the legs of the dozing horses, and swung by their tails in perfect content, till some timid mother near by rushed in to Mrs. Grant with excited outcry: "Mrs. Grant, do you know where your boy is? He's out there swinging on the tails of Loudon's horses!"

But Mrs. Grant never seemed to worry about Ulysses in the least. She was not one of those mothers whose maternal love casts a correspondingly deep shadow of agonizing fear. "When Ulysses was sick she gave him a dose of castor oil, put him to bed, and went calmly about her work, trusting in the Lord and the boy's constitution," one neighbor said.

Mrs. Grant saw that Ulysses understood horses, and that they understood him, so she interfered very little in his play with the teams across the way. She was too busy to have an eye on his restless activity.

GEN. U. S. GRANT.

A HERO OF PEACE AND WAR.

[F. G. Blair, Springfield, Illinois.]

Not to glorify war nor the heroes of war was Memorial Day set apart. It was rather to impress upon us and our children the terrible price which our permanent peace has cost, and to keep constantly before us the picture of havoc and sacrifice wrought by an appeal to arms. But, while our dread and hatred of war should increase with every telling of the story which the day recalls, its proper observance should also increase our respect and devotion for these peace-loving men and women who, with great reluctance, dared to choose the strife of war rather than the repose of dishonor; who hated war not less than we and whose love for peace was none the less, but who hated wrong and national disgrace more than they hated war, and who loved right and national honor more than an unstable and dishonorable peace. Therefore let no one think that these soldiers whose memory we honor lusted for the blood of their fellow men or took comfort in the plunder of homes and the destruction of cities. They, far more vividly than we, saw the pity and the agony of it all, and, on battle-field and camping ground, longed anxiously for the dawn of peace.

Thus, it is, that war may become its own worst enemy and its great soldiers our best heralds of peace. It was Ulysses S. Grant, the great soldier of the greatest war of all times, who wrote, "Let us have peace." Was this a chance sentence that dropped from his pen? Did the thought first occur to him after all opportunities for fighting were over? No. It was his firm conviction, his heartfelt desire, born with him into the world, deepened by the dread and anxiety of every battle, burned into his soul by the fire of conflict and slaughter. We are, therefore, most fortunate that in honoring him as a great soldier, we are also honoring him as a great prophet of peace. And in thus showing our respect for our great soldier and commander, we shall also show our respect to all those brave men whose courage and devotion made the name of Grant worthy of our honor.

REMINISCENCES OF GEN. U. S. GRANT.

[By General Fred D. Grant.]

(Read Before Illinois Commandery Loyal Legion of the United States, Springfield, Illinois, January 27, 1910.)

Kind friends, companions of my father, I am indeed happy to be with you again, appreciating gratefully your warm reception, realizing, however, that it is not so much for me personally, all this kindness, as it is in honor of the memory of a loved one gone before; your old commander and comrade in arms, General U. S. Grant.

I have written out a few reminiscences which I venture to read, as requested to-night.

It was my great good fortune to be with my father, close at his side, much of the time during the Civil War, when I had the opportunity of seeing and listening to many of the noble and distinguished men, who were loyally serving their country during that great struggle; thus I had the honor and happiness of seeing and meeting our revered and martyred president, Abraham Lincoln.

In looking back to those dark days of the Civil War, I have distinct personal recollections, of the first two meetings between President Lincoln and my father, General U. S. Grant. These two occasions seem, to my mind, the most momentous and memorable in the history of our Nation, as these meetings marked the beginning of the end of our great struggle for the existence of our Nation.

The principal and determined efforts of President Lincoln's administration were directed to the preservation of the Union, which naturally, could not be accomplished without the success of the Union armies in the field. Up to the spring of 1864 the progress of the Civil War had not been satisfactory to the people of the North, and little success had been accomplished, except in the victories at Donelson, Vicksburg and Chattanooga.

After the Campaign of Chattanooga, the president and the people of the United States turned impulsively to General Grant as the leader of the Union armies, and a bill was introduced in Congress, reviving for him the grade of lieutenant-general, which grade had died with Washington (though Scott had held it by brevet). The enthusiastic members of the House of Representatives received the bill with applause. They made no concealment of their wishes, and recommended Grant by name for the appointment of lieutenant-general. The bill passed the house by a two-thirds majority, and the senate with only six dissenting votes.

President Lincoln seemed impatient to put Grant in this high grade, and said he desired to do so to relieve himself from the responsi-

bilities of managing the military forces. He sent the nomination to the senate, and General Grant, who was at Nashville, received an order from the Secretary of War, to report in person at Washington. In compliance with this order, he left Chattanooga on March 5, for Washington, taking with him some members of his staff. My father also allowed me to accompany him there, I having been with him during the Vicksburg campaign and at Donelson. He reached Washington in the afternoon of March 7, and went direct to the Willard's hotel.

* * * * * * *

Senator Simon Cameron, of Pennsylvania, ex-Secretary of War, soon called at the Willard's hotel for my father, and accompanied him, with his staff, to the White House, where President and Mrs. Lincoln were holding a reception.

As my father entered the drawing-room door, at the White House, the other visitors fell back in silence, and President Lincoln received my father most cordially, taking both his hands, and saying, "I am most delighted to see you, General." I myself, shall never forget this first meeting of Lincoln and Grant. It was an impressive affair, for there stood the executive of this great nation, welcoming the commander of its armies. I see them now before me, Lincoln, tall, thin and impressive, with deeply-lined face, and his strong sad eyes; Grant, compact, of good size, but looking small beside the president, with his broad, square head and compressed lips—decisive and resolute. This was a thrilling moment, for in the hands of these two men was the destiny of our country. Their work was in cooperation, for the preservation of our great nation, and for the liberty of man. They remained talking together for a few moments, and then General Grant passed on into the East room, with the crowd which surrounded and cheered him wildly, and all present were eager to press his hand. The guests present forced him to stand upon a sofa, insisting that he could be better seen by all. I remember that my father, of whom they wished to make a hero, blushed most modestly at these enthusiastic attentions; all present joining in expressions of affection and applause. Soon a messenger reached my father, calling him back to the side of Mrs. Lincoln, and with her he made a tour of the reception rooms followed by President Lincoln, whose noble, rugged face beamed with pleasure and gratification.

When an opportunity presented itself for them to speak privately, President Lincoln said to my father: "I am to formally present you your commission to-morrow morning at 10 o'clock, and knowing, General, your dread of speaking, I have written out what I have to say, and will read it, and it will only be four or five sentences. I would like you to say something in reply which will soothe the feeling of jealously among the officers, and be encouraging to the Nation." Thus spoke this great and noble peacemaker to the General who so heartily coincided with him in sentiments and work for union and peace.

* * * * * * *

Father proceeded to the White House a few minutes before 10 o'clock the next morning, permitting me to accompany him. Upon

arriving there, General Grant and his staff were ushered into the President's office, which I remember was the room immediately above what is known now as the Green Room of the Executive mansion. There, the President and his cabinet were assembled, and after a short and informal greeting, all standing, the President faced General Grant, and from a sheet of paper, read the following:

"General Grant: The Nation's appreciation of what you have done, and its reliance upon you for what remains to be done in the existing great struggle, are now presented, with this commission, constituting you lieutenant-general in the Army of the United States. With this high honor devolves upon you, also, a corresponding responsibility. As the country herein trusts you, so, under God, it will sustain you. I scarcely need to add, that with what I here speak, goes my hearty concurrence."

My father taking from his pocket a sheet of paper containing the words that he had written the night before, read quietly and modestly to the President and his Cabinet:

"Mr. President, I accept the commission with gratitude for the high honor conferred. With the aid of the noble armies that have fought in so many fields for our common country, it will be my earnest endeavor not to disappoint your expectations. I feel the full weight of the responsibilities now devolving upon me, and I know that if they are met, it will be due to those armies, and, above all, to the favor of that Providence, which leads both nations and men."

President Lincoln seemed to be profoundly happy, and General Grant deeply gratified. It was a supreme moment when these two patriots shook hands in confirming the compact that was to finish our terrible Civil War, and to save our united country, and to give us a nation, without master and without slave.

From the time of these meetings, the friendship between the President and my father was most close and loyal. President Lincoln seemed to have absolute confidence in General Grant and my father always spoke of the President with the deepest admiration and affection. This affection and loyal confidence was maintained between them until their lives ended.

* * * * * * *

I remember with utmost interest my life and all of the incidents when with my father and his comrades during the Civil War, and I recall with deepest affection the men whom I met in the army. Much of my time was spent among the private soldiers, who were never too tired or worn out to comfort and pet the boy of thirteen—the son of the "Old Man." Young as I was then, my camp life was of such nature—I saw so much of the hardships, the self-denials, the sufferings and labors of both privates and officers—that my proudest moments are when I am associating with the old warriors—the veteran comrades of my father.

GRANT TAKES COMMAND OF THE TWENTY-FIRST ILLINOIS.

[From "Grant, His Life and Character"—HAMLIN GARLAND.]

It was Logan who accompanied Colonel Grant to the camp, and on the way out said:

"Colonel, the regiment is a little unruly. Do you think you can manage them?"

"I think I can," was the quiet reply.

In the amphitheater of the State fair grounds, which formed Camp Yates, they found the troops assembled like an audience, ready to enjoy and applaud the speeches of the famous orators, and incidentally to greet their new colonel.

McClernand spoke first. After a vigorous and florid speech teeming with historical allusion, he concluded: "Having said this much, allow me, Illinoisans, to present to you my friend and colleague in Congress, the Hon. John A. Logan. He is gifted with eloquence and will rouse you to feel as the Athenians felt under the eloquence of Demosthenes. They asked to be immediately led against Philip."

Mr. Logan was greeted with cheers, and in the course of his address spoke of the vile partisan assaults which had been made on him, and urged that it was the private duty of every man to rally to the flag; and the loyalty of his audience rolled back in thunderous applause. He urged the regiment, when the time came to exchange their short time State service for enlistment in the National army, to move as one man.

"You can't fall out now," he said with a sudden change of tone. "If you go home now to Mary, she will say, 'Why, Tom, are you home from the war so soon?' 'How far did you get?' 'Mattoon.'"

The sarcasm in his slurring utterance of the word "Mattoon" was answered by hearty laughter—laughter which turned many a holiday militiaman into a resolute soldier. With a final appeal to their patriotism and valor, he introduced and led forward the imperturbed colonel, who remained in changeless attitude for nearly two hours at the back of the platform.

"Allow me to present to you your new commander, Colonel U. S. Grant."

Many of the soldiers observed him for the first time. They were astonished and disappointed. Logan towered majestically erect, powerful, handsome, with coal-black hair and flashing eyes; by his side Grant in plain citizen's clothes, seemed poor and weak. He looked like a grave and thoughtful doctor, who had been weather beaten in storms and saddened by scenes of human suffering, and was entirely lacking in martial bearing. However, some enthusiast raised a cheer, and there were loud calls for a speech.

"Grant! Grant!"

"Grant! A speech."

He walked a step or two toward them, and the men became silent. They were accustomed to speeches, to bombastic appeals, and were eager to test his quality. At last he spoke, not loud, but clear and calm, and with a peculiar quality and inflection which surprised and impressed every officer and gave the whole regiment a new sensation:

"Men, go to your quarters."

The men sat dazed, astounded. It took time to grasp its entire significance. In the clip of this man's lips, in the clear cut utterance of his command, and in the subtle inflection of his voice was made manifest the natural commander of men. The time for oratory was past. The period of action had come.

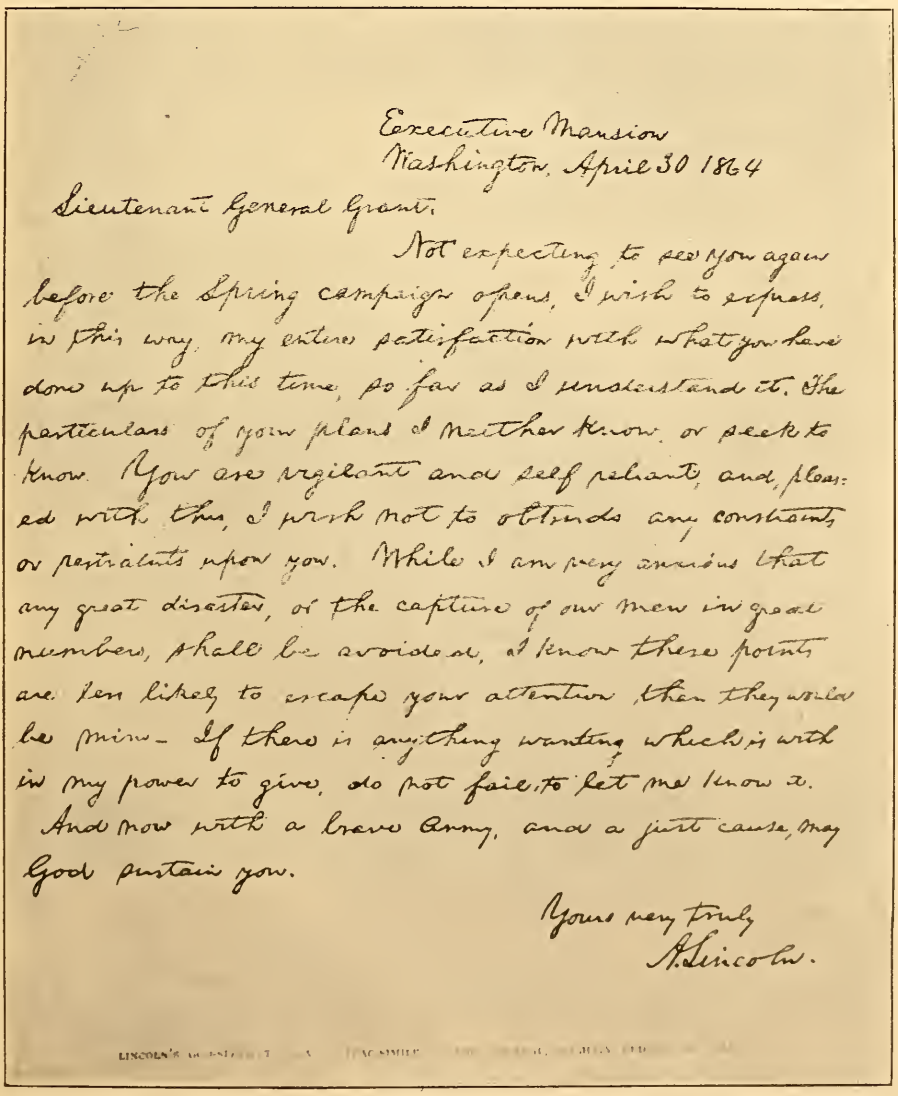
GRANT'S ACCOUNT OF THE MEETING WITH LINCOLN.

[From "Campaigning With Grant"—HORACE PORTER.]

He then spoke of his experiences with Mr. Lincoln, and the very favorable impression the President had made upon him. He said: "In the first interview I had with the President, when no others were present, and he could talk freely, he told me that he did not pretend to know anything about the handling of the troops, and it was with the greatest reluctance that he ever interfered with the movements of army commanders; but he had common sense enough to know that celerity was absolutely necessary; that while armies were sitting down waiting for opportunities to turn up which might, perhaps, be more favorable from a strictly military point of view, the government was spending millions of dollars every day; that there was a limit to the sinews of war, and a time might be reached when the spirits and resources of the people would become exhausted. He had always contended that these considerations should be taken into account, as well as purely military questions, and that he adopted the plan of issuing his 'executive orders' principally for the purpose of hurrying the movements of commanding generals; but that he believed I knew the value of minutes, and that he was not going to interfere with my operations. He said further, that he did not want to know my plans; that it was, perhaps, better that he should not know them, for everybody he met was trying to find out from him something about the contemplated movements, and there was always a temptation 'to leak.' I have not communicated my plans to him or to the Secretary of War. The only suggestion the President made, and it was merely a suggestion, not a definite plan, was entirely impracticable, and it was not again referred to in our conversations. He told me in our first private interview a most amusing anecdote regarding a delegation of 'cross-roads wiseacres,' as he called them, who came to see him one day to criticize my conduct in paroling Pemberton's army after the surrender at Vicksburg, who insisted that the men would violate their paroles, and in less than a month confront me anew in the field, and have to be whipped all over again. Said Mr. Lincoln: 'I thought the best way to get rid of them was to tell them the story of Sykes's dog.' 'Have you ever heard of Sykes's yellow dog?' said I to the spokesman of the delegation. He said he hadn't. 'Well, I must tell you about him,' said I. 'Sykes had a yellow dog he set great store by, but there were a lot of small boys around the village, and that's always a bad thing for dogs, you know. These boys didn't share Sykes's views and they were not disposed to let the dog have a fair show. Even Sykes had to admit that the dog was getting unpopular; in fact, it was soon seen that a prejudice was growing up against that dog that threatened to wreck all his future prospects in life. The boys, after meditating how they could get the best of him, finally fixed up a cartridge with a long fuse, put the cartridge in a piece of meat, dropped the meat in the road in front of Sykes's door, and then perched themselves on a fence a good distance off, holding the end of the fuse in their hands. Then they whistled for the dog. When he came out he scented the bait, and bolted the meat, cartridge and all. The boys touched off the fuse with a cigar, and in about a second a report came from that dog that sounded like a clap of thunder. Sykes

came bouncing out of the house and yelled, 'What's up? Anything busted?' There was no reply, except a snicker from the small boys roosting on the fence, but as Sykes looked up he saw the whole air filled with pieces of yellow dog. He picked up the biggest piece he could find, a portion of the back with a part of the tail hanging to it, and after turning it around and looking it all over, he said, 'Well, I guess he'll never be much account again as a dog.' And I guess Pemberton's forces will never be much account again as an army.' The delegation began looking around for their hats before I had quite got to the end of my story, but I was never bothered any more after that about superseding the commander of the Army of the Tennessee."

The general related this anecdote with more animation than he usually displayed, and with the manifestation of a keen sense of the humorous, and remarked afterward, "But no one who does not possess the President's unequaled powers of mimicry can pretend to convey an idea of the amusing manner in which he told the story."



Executive Mansion
Washington, April 30 1864

Lieutenant General Grant.

Not expecting to see you again before the Spring campaign opens, I wish to express, in this way, my entire satisfaction with what you have done up to this time, so far as I understand it. The particulars of your plans I neither know, or seek to know. You are vigilant and self reliant, and, pleased with this, I wish not to obtrude any constraints, or restraints upon you. While I am very anxious that any great disaster, or the capture of our men in great numbers, shall be avoided, I know these points are less likely to escape your attention than they would be mine. If there is anything wanting which is within my power to give, do not fail to let me know it.

And now with a brave Army, and a just cause, may God sustain you.

Yours very truly
A. Lincoln.

LINCOLN'S [illegible] FACSIMILE [illegible]

THE MEETING OF TWO GREAT SOLDIERS—GRANT AND LEE.

A LETTER FROM GENERAL GRANT'S DAUGHTER.

1130 Lake Shore Drive.

Chicago, April 20, 1916.

Honorable F. G. Blair, Superintendent of Public Instruction, Springfield, Illinois.

DEAR SIR: You earnestly request me to write a letter about my father, Ulysses S. Grant, to be printed in your Memorial Day pamphlet for the use of the children in the public schools of Illinois.

I am so grateful for the many proofs of affectionate esteem in which the people of Illinois remember my father that I am anxious to comply with your request, difficult as it is for me to tell the school children anything about my father which has not been told in the many books published about him.

Doubtless, the school children think more frequently of him as General Grant, and while I should want them to remember and honor him for his services to our country as a soldier, I would not want them to think of him only as a fighting man who loved war for war's sake, but rather as one with a deep sense of duty to his country, fighting to save and preserve it.

My father loved peace and hated war, but he loved this country and was devoted to its high purposes, and believed it to be the duty of every able-bodied citizen of the United States to give loyally and promptly his services when this country is attacked and the life of this Republic is threatened.

My father took great interest in our schools and was anxious his children should apply themselves diligently to their studies. If we were interested in some subject or he thought we should be and might not understand it, he was never too busy with more important affairs to patiently and clearly explain it to us.

My father would not tolerate in the family idle gossip and disagreeable criticism of others. His rule was if one could not speak kindly and favorably of another, to say nothing.

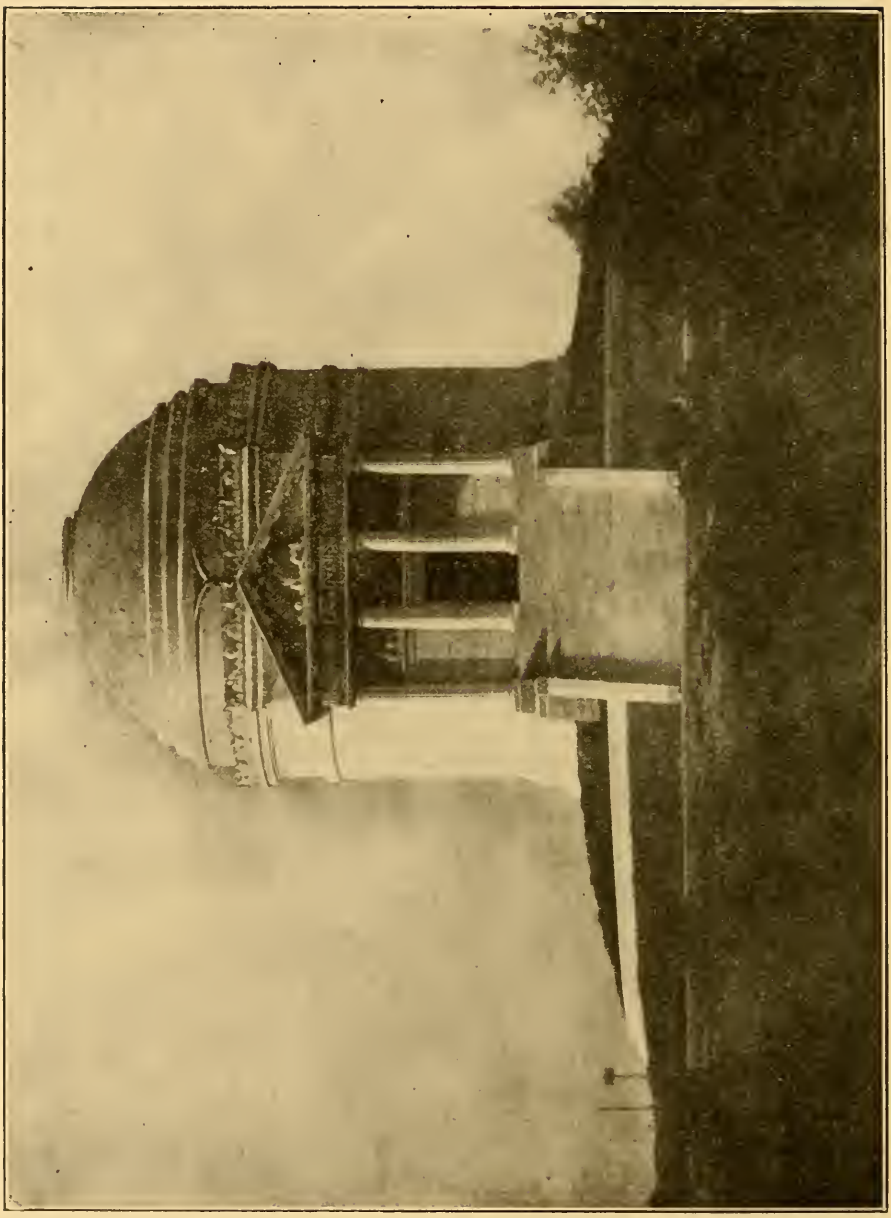
His sense of fairness in judging men and their acts was admirable—free from prejudice and bitterness. Even when one who had unjustly criticised him was involved, he would calmly and free from anger decide upon the merits of the case from the facts before him, and this was his attitude of mind if the same were discussed in the family circle where one usually speaks more freely and unreservedly.

These were some of the characterists of my father which made a deep impression on me.

With all good wishes for the school children everywhere, I am,

Yours very truly,

(Signed) NELLIE GRANT JONES.



GRANT'S TOMB, RIVERSIDE DRIVE, NEW YORK CITY.

ORATION ON U. S. GRANT.

[By John A. Logan.]

The silent chief, whose work is destined to influence posterity to the latest syllable of recorded time, has gone to his couch, and neither the call of his country nor the siren beckoning of earthly glory will e'er break the soundness of his sleep upon this hither side of eternity. The mortal remains of Ulysses S. Grant repose in peace beneath the weeping vault of yonder tomb. The ravages of time will reduce them to ashes, and the lapse of ages will transform those ashes to other forms of matter; all that was earthly of that noble figure will change its form of materiality, and at last the mere personality of Grant will be extinguished and forever lost to human gaze.

But, my friends, the supreme work that our now sleeping hero performed will endure until the wrecking of the human race shall leave this planet a mere counterpoise of the other mighty worlds that pursue their ceaseless roll around the blazing orb of light and day, waiting their appointed time to cast themselves into their sire's arms.

Friends, this noble man's work needs no monument, no written scroll, in order that it may be perpetuated. It is higher than the dome of St. Paul's, loftier than St. Peter's; it rears itself above the pyramids; it soars beyond the highest mountain tops, and it is written in letters of the sunbeam across the blue arch that forever looks down upon the busy tribes of men.

It were a task of supererogation to repeat at such a time the fascinating story of this great man's life, or with careful hand to trace his career from the period when, taking command of the Twenty-first regiment of Illinois volunteers as its colonel, that career began until as lieutenant-general of the armies of the United States, he received the sword that misguided men had placed against the breast of new-born Liberty.

It has been justly observed that no substantial success attended the Union arms until the historic proclamation of emancipation had been promulgated, and it may well be added that no comprehensive plan for the final crushing of the enemy was conceived until the mighty chieftain to whose tomb we are this day sorrowing pilgrims was placed in position by the immortal Lincoln to lead the Union hosts to a certain and final triumph.

In the dark hours of 1861 a star arose in the heavens that, beginning its flight from Belmont, took within its orbit Fort Henry and Fort Donelson, Pittsburg Landing, Corinth, Port Gibson, Raymond, Jackson, Champion Hills, Black River and Vicksburg, where for a short time it paused. Renewing its rapid course, it winged its way to Lookout Mountain and to Mission Ridge, when it came to rest directly over the head of the man whose name had been written in the book of Fate as the instrument to snatch from destruction the offspring of all the preceding ages.

From the moment that Grant was invested with the supreme command, the triumph of the Union arms became a simple question of time. An unlooked-for chance might postpone it; but as well might it be attempted to turn the avalanche in its overwhelming crash as to avert the force of those irresistible hosts that, under the direction of an appointed genius, were fatally enveloping the armies of resistance. From Chattanooga to Atlanta, and from the Wilderness to Richmond, some of the most brilliant military movements, and many of the most gallant battles ever fought, adorned the Union generalship and arms.

THE HOUSE IN WHICH GEN. R. E. LEE SURRENDERED TO GEN. U. S. GRANT.

FUNERAL ORATION ON GENERAL GRANT.

[By Frederick William Farrar, Delivered in Westminster Abbey, London, August 4, 1885.]

When Abraham Lincoln sat, book in hand, day after day, under the tree, moving round it as the shadow crossed, absorbed in mastering his task; when James Garfield rang the bell at Hiram Institute on the very stroke of the hour, and swept the schoolroom as faithfully as he mastered his Greek lesson; when Ulysses Grant, sent with his team to meet some men who came to load his cart with logs, and, finding no men, loaded the cart with his own boy's strength, they showed in the conscientious performance of duty the qualities which were to raise them to become kings of men. When John Adams was told that his son, John Quincy Adams, had been elected President of the United States, he said: "He has always been laborious, child and man, from infancy."

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL GRANT.

[Speech of Horace Porter at the banquet of the Army of the Tennessee, upon the occasion of the inauguration of the Grant Equestrian Statue in Chicago, October 8, 1891.]

Almost all the conspicuous characters in history have risen to prominence by gradual steps, but Ulysses S. Grant seemed to come before the people with a sudden bound. Almost the first sight they caught of him was in the flashes of his guns, and the blaze of his camp fires, those wintry days and nights in front of Donelson. From that hour until the closing triumph at Appomattox he was the leader whose name was the harbinger of victory. From the final sheath of his sword until the tragedy on Mount McGregor he was the chief citizen of the Republic and the great central figure of the world. The story of his life savors more of romance than reality. It is more like a fabled tale of ancient days than the history of an American citizen of the nineteenth century. As light and shade produce the most attractive effects in a picture so the singular contrasts, the strange vicissitudes in his marvellous career, surround him with an interest which attaches to few characters in history. His rise from an obscure lieutenancy to the command of the veteran armies of the Republic; his transition from a frontier post of the untrodden West to the executive mansion of the Nation; his sitting at one time in his little store in Galena, not even known to the congressman from his own district; at another time striding through the palaces of the Old World, with the descendants of a line of kings rising and standing uncovered in his presence—these are some of the features of his extraordinary career which appeal to the imagination, excite men's wonder, and fascinate all who read the story of his life.

SOME SAYINGS OF GENERAL U. S. GRANT.

"If our country could be saved or ruined by the efforts of one man, we should not have a country. What saved the Union was the coming forward of the young men of the Nation. They came from their homes and their fields as they did in the time of the Revolution, giving everything to the country."

"Although a soldier by education and profession, I have never felt any sort of fondness for war, and have never advocated it except as a means of peace."

"The truth is, I am more of a farmer than a soldier; I take little interest in military affairs; and although I entered the army thirty-five years ago, and have been in two wars, I never went into the army without regret, and never retired without pleasure."

TRIBUTE TO GENERAL GRANT.

[Speech of Horace Porter at the banquet of the Army of the Tennessee, upon the occasion of the inauguration of the Grant Equestrian Statue in Chicago, October 8, 1891.]

An indescribably touching incident happened which will ever be memorable and which never can be effaced from the memory of those who witnessed it. Even at this late date I can scarcely trust my own feelings to recall it. It was on Decoration Day in the city of New York, the last one he ever saw on earth. That morning the members of the Grand Army of the Republic, the veterans in that vicinity, arose earlier than was their wont. They seemed to spend more time that morning in unfurling the old battle flags, in burnishing the medals of honor which decorated their breasts, for on that day they had determined to march by the house of their dying commander to give him a last marching salute. In the streets the columns were forming; inside the house on the bed, from which he was never to rise again, lay the stricken chief. The hand which had seized the surrendered swords of countless thousands could scarcely return the pressure of the friendly grasp. The voice which had cheered on to triumphant victory the legions of America's manhood, could no longer call for the cooling draught which slaked the thirst of a fevered tongue; and prostrate on that bed of anguish lay the form which in the New World had ridden at the head of the conquering column, which in the Old World had been deemed worthy to stand with head covered and feet sandaled in the presence of princes, kings, and emperors. Now his ear caught the sound of martial music. Bands were playing the same strains which had mingled with the echoes of his guns at Vicksburg, the same quicksteps to which his men had sped in hot haste in pursuit of Lee through Virginia. And then came the heavy, measured steps of moving columns, a step which can be acquired only by years of service in the field. He recognized it all now. It was the tread of his old veterans. With his little remaining strength he arose and dragged himself to the window. As he gazed upon those battle flags dipping to him in salute, those precious standards bullet-riddled, battle-stained, but remnants of their former selves, with scarcely enough left of them on which to print the names of the battles they had seen, his eyes once more kindled with the flames which had lighted them at Shiloh, on the heights of Chattanooga, amid the glories of Appomattox; and as those war-scarred veterans looked with uncovered heads and upturned faces for the last time upon the pallid features of their old chief, cheeks which had been bronzed by southern suns and begrimed with powder were bathed in the tears of a manly grief. Soon they saw rising the hand which had so often pointed out to them the path of victory. He raised it slowly and painfully to his head in recognition of their salutations. The column had passed, the hand fell heavily by his side. It was his last military salute.

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